SHAKESPEARE

HAMLET • TWELFTH NIGHT
KING LEAR • TEMPEST

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KING HENRY IV–PART I — TWELFTH NIGHT
THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR
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TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR
THE TEMPEST

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PREFACE

This book provides an authoritative text of four plays of Shakespeare in readable form and with sufficient apparatus for the use of the student. The plays are illustrative of four types of Shakespeare's work and are those most commonly read in introductory college English courses, notably the Freshman composition course and the Sophomore survey course.

With these students and the general reader in mind, the editors have disregarded textual problems and confined their attention to matters of interpretation and language. As the unsuspecting reader is most often misled by words of modern form and archaic usage, they have printed the glossary at the foot of the page. The notes are chiefly paraphrases of difficult passages. The introductory essays deal with the date, sources, and interpretation of the various plays.

The plays themselves are printed from the Neilson text, for the permission to use which the editors are indebted to Dr. Neilson, although they have allowed themselves to make certain minor changes.

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KING HENRY IV

Part I

KING HENRY IV, PART I

INTRODUCTION

SHAKESPEARE'S first editors divided his plays in the Folio into the three classes of Comedy, Tragedy, and History; and of all his Histories there is none that was so successful in his own day and has been the source of such delight ever since as the First Part of King Henry Fourth, or, as the first publisher called it on a title page which served the purpose of an advertisement, *The History of Henrie the Fourth; With the battell at Shrewsburie between the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. With the humourous conceits of Sir John Falstaff.*

Text.—This edition, the first quarto, appeared in 1598, probably soon after the entry, for copyright purposes, of the play in the Stationers' Register on February 25, 1598. A whole flock of quartos followed in 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613, 1622, 1632, and 1639. One of these, the quarto of 1613, seems to have been used as the copy from which the Folio text was printed with some corrections derived from the earlier editions. The first quarto, however, remains the authoritative text.

Date.—It has usually been held that Shakespeare wrote this play shortly before its publication, that is in 1597. But there is some reason to believe that in its first form, at least, it must be dated some years earlier. It forms part of a tetralogy of which Richard II is the first member and probably was composed immediately after that play, for which the generally accepted date is 1595. Some rather amusing evidence exists to show that Henry IV was carefully revised by

Shakespeare and that the revision was completed some time, perhaps immediately, before the publication. In a quaint old play, *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth,* of which we shall have more to say hereafter, Prince Hal's riotous companions included a certain Sir John Oldcastle. Now the historic Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, had indeed been a friend of Henry's youth, but he was anything but a riotous companion. On the contrary he was a brave soldier, a deeply religious man, and in the end a martyr, for he was condemned as a heretic, hung on a gallows and burnt "gallows and all." Shakespeare with his usual indifference to historical fact took over the name of Oldcastle from the old play and promoted its bearer to be the chief of Prince Henry's boon companions, a haunter of taverns, a highway robber, and a witty, but at times a rather foul-mouthed, jester. That he did so is shown by Prince Henry's calling this friend "my old lad of the castle" (I, ii, 46) and by a line (II, ii, 115) where the name of Oldcastle is required to complete the meter. A still stronger piece of evidence is found in a play dating 1618 which speaks of

> "The play where the fat knight, hight Oldcastle,
> Did tell you plainly what this honour was."

There was instant protest against such a caricature of the good knight, especially by one of his descendants, a Lord Cobham who held high office at the court of Elizabeth. Shakespeare was forced to apologise—see his words in the *Epilogue* to the *Second Part* "Oldcastle died a martyr and this (i.e. Falstaff) is not the man"—and to revise his play substituting another name for that of Oldcastle. Looking about in history, or rather perhaps in dramatic tradition, he came upon the name of another Sir John, a Fastolfe this time, who

had once owned the Boar's Head Tavern where Prince Hal was supposed to have gloried and drunk deep, and who was charged with having run away from battle in France. A slight alteration changed Fastolfe into Falstaff (or Falstalffe as it was first spelled) and so we get the name of Shakespeare's immortal hero.

It seems more than likely that when Shakespeare was forced to revise his play he gave it a thorough overhauling, cut down the historical scenes written in a somewhat stiff blank verse, and expanded the prose scenes into those masterpieces of comic humour which have been the delight of generations since. There was no descendant of Sir John Fastolfe to protest against such a portrayal of his ancestor as Shakespeare gave in the tavern scenes, on the highway near Gadshill, or on the battle-field of Shrewsbury.

Source.—Shakespeare drew the historical basis of his play from the standard English history of his day, Holinshed's *Chronicles,* which he had already used for his former plays on English history. In the main he followed his authority fairly closely. Certain changes he seems to have made for dramatic purposes. He represents the King as an old man (V, i, 13), evidently to contrast him with the exuberant youth of the Prince, whereas Henry IV was in the very prime of life at the battle of Shrewsbury where he is reported to have slain with his own hand thirty-six of his enemies. For a similar reason he has changed the age of Hotspur. As a matter of fact Henry Percy was older than the King, but Shakespeare planned to make him at once a rival and a foil to the Prince and therefore represents him as of the same age as Hal (III, ii, 103). There is no warrant in history for the Prince's challenge to Hotspur nor for his slaying him in single combat; Henry Percy fell by an unknown hand in the rout of the rebel

army. Hal's rescue of his father from the sword of Douglas seems to be taken from a poet's story of the war (Daniel—*Civil Wars*) rather than from history. And finally the interview between Hal and the King, in which the Prince regains his father's favour, took place not before the battle of Shrewsbury, but nearly ten years later. It is easy to see how much these changes add to the interest and heighten the dramatic value of the play.

Another quite different source supplied Shakespeare with some of the comic material of the play. This was the old play, *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth.* Author and date of composition are unknown, but it was certainly on the stage before 1588, since the famous clown Tarleton, who is known to have acted in it, died in that year. We may well believe that it was one of the first plays that Shakespeare saw after he came to London, and naturally enough it left its mark upon him. But it would be a mistake to think that Shakespeare borrowed largely from this crude and early work; what he derived from it were certain hints and suggestions for scenes which he elaborated and developed with extraordinary comic power. Chief among these are the highway robbery, although the trick played by the Prince and Poins on Falstaff seems to be Shakespeare's own invention, and a scene of a mock rehearsal of Hal's striking the Chief Justice, which gave him the suggestion for the inimitable scene in which Falstaff and the Prince in turn rehearse his approaching interview with the King. In general it may be said that Shakespeare used all his art to tone down the picture of the riotous Prince presented in the old play. He does not let his hero actually rob the King's servants on the highway; he omits the scene of Hal's abuse of the Chief Justice, and he transforms

the vulgar ruffian of the *Famous Victories* into a madcap prince whose escapades are easily pardoned on the ground of youth and wild blood.

Type of Play.—Widely as Shakespeare departed from the conception of Prince Hal in the *Famous Victories,* it still seems clear that his use of that early work drew him back into the old, native tradition of the chronicle play. Marlowe, whose genius was essentially tragic, had transformed the crude mixture of horse-play and history into historical tragedy in *Edward II,* and had created the great tragic figure of Richard Crookback in his *True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York.* The young Shakespeare, Marlowe's reverent disciple, had followed his lead and had written the tragic histories of *Richard III,* and *John,* and *Richard II.* But by the time he composed our play he had served his apprenticeship and felt free to abandon the stern tragedy of Marlowe for a more genial blend of fact and fiction, history and comic mirth. The *Famous Victories* dealt not only with Hal's youthful riots, but also with his conquest of France. Shakespeare planned to show his hero not only revelling in the Boar's Head Tavern, but victorious on the field of Shrewsbury. And as he reverted to the old native type his strength was renewed like that of the fabled giant. For the rough farce of the older chronicle he substituted the gayest scenes of broad comedy in English and grouped them about the most superb comic figure in all literature, Sir John Falstaff.

Falstaff.—Volumes have been written to analyse the character of Falstaff. It seems love's labours lost, for no reader so strait-laced as not to love old Jack will ever be moved to open his heart to him by the appeal of critical analysis. By universal consent the character of Falstaff is one of the supreme achievements of

Shakespeare's genius. He derives ultimately from the stock character of Latin comedy, the Miles Gloriosus, the soldier who is at once a braggart and a coward. But in Shakespeare's hands this figure transcends the type and becomes a distinct, one may even say a unique, individual. There are many presentations of the Miles; there is but one Falstaff. In the first place he is not a coward, at least not in the ordinary sense of that word; he will fight, but no "longer than he sees reason" (I, ii, 183). In his own words "the better part of valour is discretion". Hence he runs away at Gadshill when after a blow or two he finds himself outnumbered two to one; for the same reason he shams death at Shrewsbury when matched in unequal combat with the doughty Douglas. But he never exhibits such base and panic fear as characterises the stock figure of the Miles.

Perhaps the most striking feature of Falstaff's character and one which adds immensely to its comic force is the extraordinary bundle of incongruities of which he is composed. Old, fat, and bibulous, he is yet an active highway robber; a gentleman by birth and breeding and an intimate of the Prince, he is a haunter of taverns and an associate with footpads; a soldier of some reputation and an officer in the King's army, he is not ashamed to abuse "the King's press", to feign death rather than fight it out, and to claim a victory that he has never won. A fluent and outrageous liar, his lies are never told with intent to deceive; no sensible man can think that Falstaff expected the Prince to believe his fantastic tale of the fifty or more men he fought with in the dark at Gadshill. A knight trained up in the court of a famous Duke of Norfolk (Pt. II, III, ii, 28-9) he scoffs at honour as a mere word of no substantial value. Could contradictions further go?

What endears Falstaff, however, to all right-minded readers is not this bundle of incongruities, but his quenchless and inexhaustible good-humour. No matter into what scrapes he falls or what dangers confront him, he never loses his cheery self-assurance. His world of thieves, politicians, and fighting men seems to him little more than a game, and he is always to play a part, any part in fact, in the spectacle. He will be a young robber stripping "fat chuffs" of their gold on the highway, or an indignant protester against having his own pockets picked while he took his ease in his inn. He can play the part of an offended king or a prodigal prince with equal ease, and his apologia spoken in the Prince's rôle for the character of the abused Falstaff is a masterpiece of specious and witty pleading. And Falstaff's wit is contagious; he is not only witty himself but the source of wit in others. Like Yorick his flashes of merriment set the table in a roar, and it is not surprising that Prince Hal fled the gloom and formality of his father's court to seek the society of this all-licensed jester at an Eastcheap tavern.

Prince Hal.—To the reader of today *King Henry IV* is the play of Falstaff. It is more than doubtful whether this was Shakespeare's purpose. The character of the fat knight, Oldcastle-Falstaff, seems to have grown on his hands until it tended to dominate the play. What Shakespeare planned, it seems plain, was to write a play centering about the youth of Henry V, the last great hero-king of England, the "mirror of all Christian kings". A tradition had firmly established itself in the folk-mind of Shakespeare's day that this hero had sown his wild oats with a liberal and reckless hand in the days of his youth, and on coming to the throne had experienced a sudden and almost miraculous conversion. Shakespeare, we may believe, had little

faith in such miracles, but he would be profoundly interested in the transformation of the wild prince into the hero-king; a character study of this kind always interested him, and there was in this case the additional reason that a play on this idol of folk-tradition would pack the theatre. It would, perhaps, be better to say a set of plays, for it is clear that from the beginning Shakespeare meant to carry on his hero from his first gay pranks to his crowning victory at Agincourt, to expand the short, crude *Famous Victories* into a trilogy like that on Henry VI, probably on the boards of Shakespeare's theatre at this very time. For *King Henry IV Part I* does not stand alone; it is the first of a three-part play of which *King Henry V* is the final member, and Hal as Prince and King is the protagonist of all three.

Regarded from this point of view all the characters of the play, and there is no play of Shakespeare's youth so crowded with clearly drawn and interesting characters, seem to fall into place about the central figure for whom they serve as foils and contrasts. There is first the old King, the politician and usurper, fighting hard to keep the crown he had won by crooked ways, suspicious of former friends, jealous of the power and reputation of Hotspur, and bitterly disappointed in his hopes for his son in whom with his embittered disposition he can see nothing but at best a wanton reveller, at worst an enemy of his throne and life. There is the group of rebels, among them the crafty and deceitful Worcester, a debased copy of the King, the weak and cowardly Northumberland, the headstrong and impetuous Percy, "the Hotspur of the North", covetous only of the honour to be won in fight. And there is the company of the Prince's friends among whom Falstaff shines pre-eminent, and Falstaff's utter irrespon-

sibility, his cheerful contempt of honour and of duty, all contrast, and are meant to contrast, with the behaviour of the Prince when the call to action comes.

Henry has been called Shakespeare's "ideal man of action" and the phrase is, perhaps, the best key to Shakespeare's treatment of his character development and gradual, rather than sudden, transformation. At the beginning of the play in a time of peace Henry turns from the formal councils and intrigues of his father's court to find vent for his energies in practical jokes and high revelry with Falstaff and his gang. His much debated soliloquy (I, ii) may be taken in part as Shakespeare's explanation to the audience that *his* prince was not quite the thoughtless scamp of popular tradition, but it is something more; it is Henry's avowal that he is content to play the madcap for a time, but that when the call comes he will rise and shine. In his interview with his father he makes little attempt to apologise for his way of life, suggests that he has been slandered by pickthanks and news-mongers, and only breaks out in passion when the blinded King insults him with the suggestion that he is likely to enlist under the rebel Percy. This unbearable accusation is the call to action, and the Prince vows to "make this northern youth exchange his glorious deeds for my indignities". The rest of the play is devoted in the main to showing how he kept this vow. He never sinks back into the rake of Eastcheap—one brief interview with Falstaff to whom he enters marching, and he is off to the wars with thirty miles to ride before dinner. He takes a leading part in the action that follows, challenges Percy to single combat, slays him on the battlefield, rescues his father from the hand of Douglas, and establishes himself as the sword and shield of the English throne.

The evolution of Hal's character does not end with

this play. Every reader should follow it through the *Second Part* and note the widening breach between Falstaff and the Prince and the final renunciation of Sir John by the new-crowned King. It would be useless to discuss here this much debated scene; to every careful reader of the play it should be clear that Henry as King must break sharply and at once all the ties that bound him to such a rogue as Falstaff, and the touch of bitterness in his final speech may be explained perhaps by a lingering sense of shame that he had once stooped to make merry in the fat knight's company. He has other things to think of now; civil dissension to be composed, the conquest of France to be achieved. He is no longer the wild prince, nor even the soldier of Shrewsbury, but a king with all a king's opportunities, cares, and duties. And in the last play of the series, *Henry V*, Shakespeare shows us his hero in the rôle of king and conqueror.

Political significance.—One other phase of this play deserves at least passing mention, its political significance. This may not be at once apparent to the reader of today; it can hardly have failed to appeal to the audience of Shakespeare's time. It is a well-worn commonplace that the age of Elizabeth was marked by an outburst of patriotism. It is, perhaps, less generally recognised that this patriotism centered around the figure of the sovereign. Elizabeth was England, as so often in Shakespeare's plays a monarch simply styles himself by the name of his country, England, for example, or France. The age of feudalism was passing into history; the age of monarchy, more or less absolute, was approaching. The Tudor dynasty in England achieved the final overthrow of the great feudal barons who were essentially responsible for the devastating civil Wars of the Roses; but this was not accomplished

without a struggle. At the beginning of her sister's reign a group of nobles proclaimed Lady Jane Grey Queen in the place of Mary. Elizabeth herself had to crush the rising of the Northern Earls, to send Norfolk, head of the English peerage, to the block, and in her last days to sacrifice her once loved favorite, Essex. The success of Tudor monarchs in dealing with the last struggles of feudalism is to be attributed in the main to popular support. The nation had come to realise that only through the monarch could unity and civil peace be obtained and preserved, and the Tudors were, in the best sense of the word, popular monarchs.

Here as elsewhere Shakespeare is a true representative of his age, and the picture that he gives us in this play is of a struggle between the two opposing principles of feudalism and monarchy. He is not unfair to the past; in fact the character of Hotspur, the incarnation of the feudal age, is so nobly presented that a modern reader might be tempted to prefer him to the Prince. But Shakespeare has labelled him once for all in the phrase "a very valiant rebel". All his splendid personal qualities were to Shakespeare as dust in the balance when weighed against his disloyalty. It is quite wrong to think of Hotspur as a type of medieval chivalry; he is no "very perfect gentle knight", but one of the turbulent barons of the late middle ages who made and deposed kings, and who cherished personal ambition and family pride above loyalty or patriotism. The great scene of Act III when the conspirators parcel out the kingdom between them may delight a reader of today by its brilliant wit and vivid characterisation; it had a deeper significance in Shakespeare's time. Here, he seems to say, is what a feudal baron would do if he had the power, turn over all the West

to a Welshman, seize the North for himself, and confine the titular king of England to the narrow limits of the South.

Over against this splendid representation of a dying age Shakespeare places the figure of the Prince, the embodiment of all that Elizabethans desired in a sovereign; bravery, affability, generosity and above all loyalty to the throne and the idea of national unity. Hal has no personal grudge against Hotspur, but he is very sure that "one England cannot brook a double reign". And so Hotspur falls and deserves to fall, all good Elizabethans would think; the sword of the Prince is the symbol of the power of the sovereign.

Final appreciation.—Such then is this play, a chronicle history of the old native type, a genial blend of historic fact and comedy, written by the greatest of English dramatists at the very height of his power, crowded with brilliant characters, presenting the supreme figure of irresponsible mirth, and containing, for its day, at least, a deep and true lesson of loyalty and patriotism.

KING HENRY IV

Part I

[Dramatis Personæ

King Henry IV.
Henry, Prince of Wales,
John of Lancaster,
} sons to the King.
Earl of Westmoreland. Sir Walter Blunt.
Thomas Percy, earl of Worcester.
Henry Percy, earl of Northumberland.
Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, his son.
Edmund Mortimer, earl of March.
Richard Scroop, archbishop of York.
Archibald, earl of Douglas. Owen Glendower.
Sir Richard Vernon. Sir John Falstaff.
Sir Michael, a friend to the archbishop of York.
Poins. Gadshill. Peto. Bardolph.
Lady Percy, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.
Lady Mortimer, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.
Mistress Quickly, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.
Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

Scene: *England and Wales.*]

Act First

scene i

[*London. The palace.*]

Enter King Henry, Lord John of Lancaster, the Earl of Westmoreland, [*Sir Walter Blunt,*] *with others.*

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted Peace to pant,

And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in strands afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies.
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose now is twelve month old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go;
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down

12 intestine: internal. 21 impressed: enlisted. 30 Therefore: for this. 33 dear expedience: important expedition. 35 charge: expense.

But yesternight; when all athwart there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.

King. It seems then that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This match'd with other did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

King. Here is a dear, a true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited.
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see

44 transformation: mutilation. 52 Holy-rood day: Sept. 14. 55 Holmedon: in Northumberland. 69 Balk'd: heaped up.

On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Murdoch Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the Earl of Athole,
Of Moray, Angus, and Menteith:
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize, ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son,
A son who is the theme of Honour's tongue,
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant,
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride;
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be prov'd
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? The prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Murdoch Earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching; this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

King. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause awhile we must neglect

71 Murdoch: See n. 83 minion: darling. 95 See n. 98 prune: preen, ruffle up.

Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor. So inform the lords;
But come yourself with speed to us again,
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II

[*London. An apartment of the Prince's.*]

Enter the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldest truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldest be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he, "that wand'ring knight so fair." And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art a king, as, God save thy Grace, —Majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

104 Windsor: royal castle near London. 8 sack: a white wine. 9 bawds: pander. 10 leaping-houses: brothels. 15 seven stars: the Pleiades.

Prince. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? Come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty. Let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Prince. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing "Lay by" and sent with crying "Bring in"; now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say's true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! What, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

24 roundly: plainly. 32 countenance: favor. 39 Lay by: robbers cry, like "Hands up." 45 Hybla: town in Sicily, famous for its honey. 46 my old lad of the castle: see Introduction. 47 buff jerkins: leather jacket worn by sheriff's men. 48 durance: a) stout cloth, b) imprisonment. 50 quips: sharp jests. quiddities: subtilties.

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Prince. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

Prince. Thou judgest false already. I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugg'd bear.

67 fobb'd: cheated. 68 antic: mountebank. 72 brave: fine. 76 jumps with: suits. 82 gib cat: tom cat. 82 lugg'd bear: led bear.

Prince. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavory similes and art indeed the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I mark'd him not; and yet he talk'd very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over. By the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain. I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

84 drone: large pipe, with deep eustained note. 87 Moor-ditch: stagnant ditch in Moorfields near London. 89 comparative: witty, fertile in comparisons. 92 commodity: store. 100 iteration: habit of quoting.

Fal. 'Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one. An I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal. 'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter Poins.

Poins! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried "Stand!" to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack and Sugar? Jack! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

Prince. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never a breaker of proverbs. He will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

Prince. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I have vizards for you all; you have horses for

112 baffle: disgrace. 117 set a match: planned a meeting. 135 cozening: cheating. 138 Gadshill: see n. 139 Canterbury: to Thomas a' Becket's Shrine. 141 vizards: masks.

yourselves. Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester. I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap. We may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who? I rob? I a thief? Not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

Prince. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

Prince. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the Prince and me alone. I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recrea-

142 Rochester: in Kent on the road to Canterbury. 144 Eastcheap: a quarter in the eastern part of London. 156 royal: a pun—the royal was a coin worth 10s.

tion sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell; you shall find me in Eastcheap.

Prince. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallown summer! [*Exit Falstaff.*]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff [Bardolph, Peto] and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

Prince. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

Prince. Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them: and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be

177 All-hallown: See n. 195 habits: clothes. 199 cases of buckram: suits of stiffened linen. 200 nonce: occasion. 200 noted: known. 202 doubt: fear.

as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper; how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

Prince. Well, I'll go with thee. Provide us all things necessary and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. *Exit.*

Prince. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness;
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wond'red at
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glitt'ring o'er my fault,

211 wards: fencing guards. 212 reproof: refutation. 217 See n. 220 contagious: pestilence-breeding. 223 wanted: needed. 229 accidents: occurrences. 234 sullen ground: dark background.

Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time when men think least I will.
Exit.

SCENE III

[*London. The palace.*]

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, with others.

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience. But be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.
Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be us'd on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.
North. My lord,—
King. Worcester, get thee gone: for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.

237 foil: contrast, literally, setting. 3 found me: discovered my nature. 6 condition: natural disposition. 13 portly: imposing. 19 frontier: military outworks.

You have good leave to leave us. When we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.
Exit Worcester.
You were about to speak.

North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your Highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is delivered to your Majesty.
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home.
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took 't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff; and still he smil'd and talk'd,
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your Majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
Out of my grief and my impatience

27 misprision: misunderstanding. 38 pouncet-box: perfume box. 46 holiday: elegant. 50 grief: pain.

To be so pest'red with a popinjay,
Answer'd neglectingly—I know not what,
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark!—
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answered indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.
Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my lord,
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die and never rise
To do him wrong or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.
King. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners
But with proviso and exception
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer,
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd

51 popinjay: parrot. 58 parmaceti: spermaceti. 62 tall: brave. 66 indirectly: vaguely. 68 Come current: be accepted (as good coin). 75 impeach: call in question. 80 See n.

The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason, and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war. To prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breath'd and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Bloodstained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly.
Then let not him be sland'red with revolt.

87 indent: bargain. 94 fall off: desert. 100 confound: spend. 101 changing hardiment: exchanging deeds of valour. 103 Severn: river between England and Wales. 106 crisp: wavy, rippled. 109 Colour: disguise.

King. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower.
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.
Exeunt King Henry [*Blunt, and train*].

Hot. An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them. I will after straight
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? Stay and pause a while.
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and cank'red Bolingbroke.

121 kind: manner. 126: straight: straightway. 137 cank'red: corrupted.

North. Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad.
Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?
Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners:
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.
Wor. I cannot blame him. Was not he proclaim'd
By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?
North. He was; I heard the proclamation.
And then it was when the unhappy king,—
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be depos'd and shortly murdered.
Wor. And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd and foully spoken of.
Hot. But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?
North. He did; myself did hear it.
Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation, shall it be
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O, pardon me that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king!

163 subornation: perjury, here rather "collusion." 168 line: rank. 168 predicament: class.

Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,
As both of you—God pardon it!—have done,
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more;
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim.
Send Danger from the east unto the west,
So Honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple. O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

173 gage: engage. 176 canker: dog-rose. 183 disdain'd: disdainful.

Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities.
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!
Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,—
Hot. I'll keep them all!
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not!
I'll keep them, by this hand.
Wor. You start away
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat.
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla "Mortimer!"
Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but "Mortimer," and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.
Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.
Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke;

206 so: provided that. 207 corrival: competitor. 228 defy: renounce.

And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—what do you call the place?—
A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire;
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York; where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—
'Sblood!—
When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true.
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, "when his infant fortune came to age,"
And "gentle Harry Percy," and "kind cousin;"
O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!
Good uncle, tell your tale; for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

240 pismires: ants. 244 kept: resided. 251 candy: sugared. 255 cozeners: cheaters.

Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted. You, my lord,
[*To Northumberland.*]
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The Archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is it not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it. Upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot.
And then the power of Scotland and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already how he doth begin

261 only mean: sole agent. 271 Scroop: See Hist. Note. 272 estimation: conjecture. 278 still: always. 278 let'st slip: lettest loose the hounds. 284 head: force. 285 even: temperately.

To make us strangers to his looks of love.
Hot. He does, he does. We'll be reveng'd on him.
Wor. Cousin, farewell! No further go in this
Than I by letter shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
North. Farewell, good brother! We shall thrive, I trust.
Hot. Uncle, adieu! O, let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

Exeunt.

Act Second

SCENE I

[*Rochester. An inn yard.*]

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

1. Car. Heigh-ho! an it be not four by the day, I'll he hang'd. Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd. What, ostler!
Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.
1. Car. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point. The poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

2 Charles' wain: the Great Bear. 7 flocks: tufts of wool. point: pommel. 8 cess: measure.

Enter another Carrier.

2. Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots. This house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died.

1. Car. Poor fellow, never joy'd since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2. Car. I think this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas. I am stung like a tench.

1. Car. Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2. Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lye breeds fleas like a loach.

1. Car. What, ostler! come away and be hang'd! Come away.

2. Car. I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1. Car. God's body! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved. What, ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? Canst not hear? And 'twere not as good deed as drink, to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hang'd! Hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gadshill.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

[*1*] *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

11 bots: worms. 17 tench: See n. 23 chamber-lye: urine. 23 loach: a prolific fish. 26 razes: bundles of root.

Gads. I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1. Car. Nay, by God, soft; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pray thee, lend me thine.

2. Car. Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth he? Marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen. They will along with company, for they have great charge.

Exeunt Carriers.

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold. I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter. They will away presently.

52 chamberlain: servant in charge of rooms. 60 franklin: freeholder. wild: weald, forest. 61 mark: 13s. 4d.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it. I pray thee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshipp'st Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? If I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou know'st he is no starveling. Tut! there are other Troians that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace, that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no longstaff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers; such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray; and yet, 'zounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? Will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

67 Saint Nicholas' clerks: thieves. 77 Troians: See n. 82 foot land-rakers: foot-pads. 83 striker: robber. 84 malt-worms: drunkards. 85 oneyers: probably ones. 94 foul: muddy. 95 liquor'd: 1) waterproofed; 2) intoxicated.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand. Thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave.

Exeunt.

SCENE II

[*The highway, near Gadshill.*]

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter! I have remov'd Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet. [*They step back.*]

Prince. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hang'd! Poins!

Prince. [*Coming forward.*] Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

Prince. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him. [*Withdraws.*]

Fal. I am accus'd to rob in that thief's company The rascal hath removed my horse, and tied

99 fern-seed: See n. 102 purchase: plunder. 2 gumm'd: See note.

him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd. It could not be else; I have drunk medicines. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another! (*They whistle.*) Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd!

Prince. [*Coming forward.*] Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down. Lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being downè 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prince. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

14 squire: square, foot-rule. 16 for: in spite of. 43 colt: fool.

Fal. I prithee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

Prince. Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison. When a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter Gadshill [*Bardolph and Peto with him*].

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. [*Coming forward.*] O, 'tis our setter; I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards. There's money of the King's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the King's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the King's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

Prince. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower. If they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds, will they not rob us?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we leave that to the proof.

57 setter: Gadshill, the arranger of the robbery.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

Prince. [*Aside.*] Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. [*Aside.*] Here, hard by. Stand close.

[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I. Every man to his business.

Enter the Travellers.

[*1.*] *Trav.* Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill. We'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Travellers. Jesus bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them! Cut the villains' throats! Ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth. Down with them! Fleece them!

Travellers. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever!

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grandjurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, faith.

Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.

Re-enter Prince Henry and Poins [*in buckram*].

Prince. The thieves have bound the true men. Now, could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for

97 gorbellied: fat-bellied. 98 chuffs: miserly churls.

a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Enter the Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards there's no equity stirring. There's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

Prince. Your money!

Poins. Villains!

As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them; they all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse.
The thieves are all scatt'red and possess'd with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along.
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! *Exeunt.*

SCENE III

[*Warkworth Castle.*]

Enter Hotspur, solus, reading a letter.

Hot. "But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the

110 equity: justice. Sc. 3 letter: See n.

love I bear your house." He could be contented: why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous;"—why, that's certain. 'Tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition." Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not besides the Douglas? Have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart,

13 unsorted: ill-chosen. 20 expectation: promise.

will he to the King and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim-milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the King; we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-ey'd musing and curst melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry "Courage! to the field!" And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;

48 stomach: appetite. 56 manage: horsemanship. 60 basilisks: large brass cannon. culverin: long cannon.

And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho!

[*Enter Servant.*]

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight. *O Esperance!*
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you
To line his enterprise; but if you go,—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

62 currents: occurrences. heady: impetuous. 69 hest: command. 78 *O Esperance*: motto of the Percies. 90 line: support.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hot. Away,
Away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate. This is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips.
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. God's me, my horse!
What say'st thou, Kate? What would'st thou have with me?
Lady. Do you not love me? Do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.
Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout.
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet not farther wise
Than Harry Percy's wife. Constant you are,
But yet a woman; and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.
Lady. How! so far?
Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;

99 mammets: dolls, puppets. 111 whereabout: on what errand.

To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?
Lady. It must of force.
Exeunt.

SCENE IV

[*The Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.*]

Enter the Prince and Poins.

Prince. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.
Poins. Where hast been, Hal?
Prince. With three or four loggerheads amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, (by the Lord, so they call me,) and when I am King of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry "hem!" and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in

1 fat room: probably vat room. 13 Corinthian: a gay fellow. 18 watering: drinking. 19 play it off: drink it down.

this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this penny-worth of sugar, clapp'd even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life than "Eight shillings and sixpence," and "You are welcome," with this shrill addition, "Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon," or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling "Francis," that his tale to me may be nothing but "Anon." Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

[*Exit Poins.*]

Enter drawer [*Francis*].

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord?

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

27 under-skinker: tapster's boy. 31 bastard: a sweet Spanish wine. Half-moon: a room in the tavern. 38 precedent: example. 42 Pomgarnet: Pomegranate, another room in the tavern.

Prince. Five year! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

Fran. O lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see—about Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir. Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

Prince. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, I would it had been two!

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound. Ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

Fran. My lord?

Prince. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal-button, not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

54 indenture: apprentice agreement. 56 books: Bibles. 61 Michaelmas: Sept. 29.

Fran. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

Prince. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully. In Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Prince. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call?

Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit Francis.*] My lord, old Sir John with half-a-dozen more are at the door; shall I let them in?

Prince. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

Poins. [*Within.*] Anon, anon, sir.

Re-enter Poins.

Prince. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? Come, what's the issue?

Prince. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

83 ff. See n. 102 match: game. 107 pupil age: youth.

[*Re-enter Francis.*]

What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit.*]

Prince. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is upstairs and downstairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work." "O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou kill'd to-day?" "Give my roan horse a drench," says he; and answers, "Some fourteen," an hour after; "a trifle, a trifle." I prithee, call in Falstaff. I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. "Rivo!" says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter Falstaff [*Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto; Francis following with wine.*]

Poins. Welcome, Jack! Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks, and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant?

He drinketh.

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter, pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at

114 parcel: item. 121 drench: bran and water. 125 Rivo: drunkard's exclamation. 131 nether stocks: stockings. 133 virtue: courage. 134 Titan: see n.

the sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There lives not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat and grows old. God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

Prince. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are not you a coward? Answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, 'll stab thee.

Fal. *I* call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that

138 lime: a preservative. 144 shotten herring: a herring that has spawned. 147 while: present age.

backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack. I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. (*He drinketh.*) A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! There be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack, where is it?

Fal. Where is it! Taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not a half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw—*ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen—

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

184 at half-sword: at close quarters. 189 *ecce signum*: behold the proof.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us —

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish. If there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murd'red some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for; I have pepper'd two of them. Two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me —

Prince. What, four? Thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

214 paid: killed. 217 ward: posture of defense. 224 mainly: mightily. 226 target: shield.

Prince. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of —

Prince. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince. These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch, —

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? Is not the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason; what say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, an I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world,

241 points: 1) points of swords, 2) laces of doublet. 256 catch: ketch or tub. 265 strappado: a species of torture.

I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh, —

Fal. 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stockfish! O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck, —

Prince. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this:—

Poins. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it, yea, and can show it you here in the house; and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still run and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

271 sanguine: red-faced. 274 neat's: ox's. 275 stockfish: dried cod. 277 standing-tuck: repair standing upright. 294 starting-hole: loop-hole.

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters. Was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but be ware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors! Watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?

Prince. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord the Prince!

Prince. How now, my lady the hostess! what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you. He says he comes from your father.

Prince. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

321 nobleman . . . royal man: pun on names of coins—noble 6s. 8d.; royal 10s.

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth Gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

Prince. Prithee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing. *Exit.*

Prince. Now, sirs, by'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph. You are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no, fie!

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prince. Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hack'd?

Peto. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

Prince. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? Do you behold these exhalations?

[*Pointing to his own face.*]

Prince. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

351 taken with the manner: taken in the act.

Prince. Hot livers and cold purses.
Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villanous news abroad. Here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. The same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales that gave Amamon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—what a plague call you him?

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen. Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

Prince. He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

Prince. So did he never the sparrow.

360 Hot livers: drunkenness. cold purses: poverty. 362 halter: punning reference to choler, pr. collar. 364 bombast: raw cotton, padding. 374 Amamon: a devil. 375 bastinado: a beating. 377 Welsh hook: a pike with a hook below the spear-head.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

Prince. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Murdoch, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stolen away to-night. Thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news. You may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

Prince. Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? Thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prince. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father. If thou love me, practise an answer.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? Content. This chair shall be my

396 blue-caps: blue-bonneted Scotchmen.

state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

Prince. Thy state is taken for a join'd-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen;
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied; for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou

421 state: throne. 430 King Cambyses: See n. 432 leg: bow. 441 tickle-brain: strong liquor. 444 ff. See n. 450 nether: lower.

so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch. This pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also; and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, an it like your Majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff. If that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang

454 micher: truant.

me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

Prince. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand. Judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false.—Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

Prince. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? Henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace. There is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuff'd cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace would take me with you. Whom means your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

486 rabbit-sucker: a sucking rabbit. 487 poulter's: poulterer's. 500 humours: caprices. 501 bolting hutch: miller's bin. 502 bombard: leather vessel for holding liquor.

Prince. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd. If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company. Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince. I do, I will.

[*A knocking heard. Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.*]

Re-enter Bardolph, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

Fal. Out, ye rogue! Play out the play; I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter the Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, lord!

Prince. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick. What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door; they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? Never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit. Thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major. If you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter. If I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

Prince. Go, hide thee behind the arras; the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me. *Exit.*

Prince. Call in the sheriff.

[*Exeunt all except the Prince and Peto.*]

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath followed certain men unto this house.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not here,
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee or any man
For anything he shall be charg'd withal.
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

546-48 See n. 551 major: major premise. 552 so: very well. 553 cart: hangman's cart. 556 arras: tapestry curtain.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.
Prince. It may be so. If he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.
Sher. Good night, my noble lord.
Prince. I think it is good morrow, is is not?
Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.
Exeunt [*Sheriff and Carrier.*]
Prince. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.
Go, call him forth.
Peto. Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and
snorting like a horse.
Prince. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search
his pockets. (*He searcheth his pockets, and findeth certain papers.*) What hast thou found?
Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.
Prince. Let's see what they be. Read them.
Peto. [*Reads.*]

Item, A capon	2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce	4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons	5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper .	2s. 6d.
Item, Bread	ob.

Prince. O monstrous! but one half-penny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage. There let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back

576 mark: 13s. 4d. 582 Paul's: St. Paul's Cathedral. 595 ob.: obolus, a half-penny. 603 death . . . twelve-score: A march of twelve-score yards will kill him.

again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord. *Exeunt.*

Act Third

SCENE I

[*Bangor. The Archdeacon's house.*]

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, and Glendower.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down?
And uncle Worcester,—a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him. At my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had never been born.

605 advantage: interest. 2 induction: beginning. 15 cressets: vessels containing fire.

Glend. I say the earth did shake when I was born.
Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.
Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.
Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.
Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out that is but woman's son
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

32 beldam: grandmother. 342 distemperature: disorder.
46 read to me: instructed me.

Hot. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh.
I'll to dinner.
Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.
Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?
Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.
Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
By telling truth. "Tell truth and shame the devil."
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil!
Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.
Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.
Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How scapes he agues, in the devil's name?
Glend. Come, here's the map. Shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order ta'en?
Mort. The Archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally.
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd;
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower; and, dear coz, to you

48 trace: follow art: magic. 67 bootless: without advantage.
74 hitherto: to this point.

The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn;
Which being sealed interchangeably,
A business that this night may execute,
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.
Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords;
And in my conduct shall your ladies come,
From whom you now must steal and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours.
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly.
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? It shall, it must; you see it doth.

Mort. Yea, but
Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up

80 indentures triparlite: signed papers in three copies. 96 moiety: portion. 98 cranking: bending. 100 cantle: piece. 104 indent: indentation.

With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much
As on the other side it takes from you.
Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.
Hot. I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.
Glend. I'll not have it alt'red.
Hot. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you shall not.
Hot. Who shall say me nay?
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hot. Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh.
Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,
A virtue that was never seen in you.
Hot. Marry,
And I am glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry.
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.
Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.
Hot. I do not care. I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;

110 Gelding: cutting from. continent: land. 112 charge: expense. 131 canstick: candlestick.

But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? Shall we be gone?
Glend. The moon shines fair; you may away by night.
I'll haste the writer, and withal
Break with your wives of your departure hence.
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. *Exit.*
Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!
Hot. I cannot choose. Sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what:
He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys. I cried "hum," and "well, go to,"
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house. I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom,
Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect

144 Break with: inform. 149 moldwarp: mole: See n. 163 cates: delicacies. 166 profited: skilled. 167 concealments: mysteries.

And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you come 'cross his humour. Faith, he does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof.
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite besides his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault.
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain;
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd. Good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter Glendower with the ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me;
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part with you.
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.

177 wilful-blame: wilfully blameworthy. 181 blood: spirit. 182 dearest: best. 183 present: represent.

Glend. She is desperate here; a peevish self-
will'd harlotry, one that no persuasion can do
good upon. *The lady speaks in Welsh.*
Mort. I understand thy looks. That pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from these swelling
heavens
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.
The lady speaks again in Welsh.
I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation.
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.
Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.
The lady speaks again in Welsh.
Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this!
Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference 'twixt day and night
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.
Mort. With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing.
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.
Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you

199 harlotry: hussy. 206 disputation: conversation. 211 division: melody. 214 wanton: luxuriant. 224 book: indentures.

Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here. Sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down.
Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose. *The music plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.
By'r lady, he is a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

Here the lady sings a Welsh song.

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. "Not you, in good sooth," and "as true as I live," and "as God shall mend me," and "as sure as day;"
And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths
As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,

240 brach: bitch. 253 comfit-maker: confectioner. 256 sarcenet: silken, flimsy. 257 Finsbury: pleasure ground of London citizens.

A good mouth-filling oath, and leave "in sooth,"
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will. *Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn. We'll but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.
Exeunt.

SCENE II

[*London. The palace.*]

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference; but be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.
Exeunt Lords.
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost in thy passages of life
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd

261 velvet-guards: fig. citizens' wives. 264 red-breast teacher: trainer of song-birds. 6 doom: judgment. 8 passages: actions.

For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

Prince. So please your Majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal.
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wand'red and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is suppli'd,
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically do forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,

19 Quit: clear myself of. 23 reproof: refutation. 25 pick-thanks: flatterers. 36 time: reign. 42 opinion: public opinion.

Had still kept loyal to possession
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wond'red at;
That men would tell their children, "This is he;"
Others would say, "Where, which is Bolingbroke?"
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned King.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new,
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wond'red at; and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, show'd like a feast
And won by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping King, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with cap'ring fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scorns,
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative;
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
That, being daily swallowed by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.

43 possession: the possessor, i.e., Richard II. 61 bavin: brushwood. 62 carded: debased by mixing. 66 stand the push: engage in battle. 67 comparative: one who affects wit. 69 Enfeoff'd: gave in vassalage popularity: vulgarity.

So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drows'd and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face and rend'red such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd and full.
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation. Not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myself.

King. For all the world
As thou art to this hour was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou, the shadow of succession.
For of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,

77 community: familiarity. 88 cloudy: sullen. 87 vile participation: low companionship. 98 interest: claim. 101 harness: armour.

And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathling clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me!

109 majority: pre-eminence. 110 capital: supreme. 120 Capitulate: agree together. 126 start of spleen: angry impulse.

I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood
And stain my favour in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! For the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here;
The which if He be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your Majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance.
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this.
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt? Thy looks are full of speed.

136 favour: features. 147 factor: agent. 148 engross up: collect. 157 bands: bonds.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
That Douglas and the English rebels met
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury.
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever off'red foul play in a state.

King. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day,
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster,
For this advertisement is five days old.
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march. Our meeting
Is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you shall march
Through Gloucestershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business; let's away.
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.
Exeunt.

SCENE III

[*Eastcheap. The Boar's-Head Tavern.*]

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? Do I not bate? Do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like and old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking. I shall

164 Mortimer: See n. 167 head: armed force. 172 advertisement: news. 177 valued: estimated. 5 apple-john: a kind of apple that keeps a long time. 6 liking: good condition.

be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse. The inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it. Come sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough, swore little, dic'd not above seven times a week, went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour, paid money that I borrowed three or four times, lived well and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral; thou bearest the lantern in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee. Thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's-head or a *memento mori;* I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath

10 peppercorn: berry of the pepper-plant. 28 admiral: flag-ship. 35 Dives: Luke 16:19-31.

should be, "By this fire, that's God's angel;" but thou art altogether given over, and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus* or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintain'd that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years; God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heartburn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant. The tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, hostess. Bardolph was shav'd and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was pick'd. Go to, you are a woman, go.

39 God's angel: Psalms 104: 4. 48 links: torches. 53 salamander: lizard supposed to live in fire. 60 Partlet: a common name for hen.

Host. Who? I? No; I defy thee. God's light, I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John; you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas. I have given them away to bakers' wives; they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? Alas, he is poor, he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? Look upon his face; what call you rich? Let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks. I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu, I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

Fal. How! the Prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup. 'Sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

79 Dowlas: coarse linen. 80 bolters: cloth sieves. 82 holland: fine linen. 83 ell: 45 inches. 91 denier: one tenth of a penny. 92 younker: greenhorn.

Enter the Prince [*and Peto*], *marching, and Falstaff meets them playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? Must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket pick'd. This house is turn'd bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? Three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

Prince. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord, and I said I heard your Grace say so; and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

Prince. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

104 Newgate: a London prison. 129 drawn: separated from his hole and so full of tricks. Maid Marian: character of questionable reputation in May-games.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? Why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it. I am an honest man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast? Why, an otter.

Prince. An otter, Sir John! Why an otter?

Fal. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so. Thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

Prince. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! A million. Thy love is worth a million; thou ow'st me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

145 have: place, classify. 152 ought: owed.

Prince. I say 'tis copper. Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art Prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Prince. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The King himself is to be feared as the lion. Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? Nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.

Prince. Oh, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, emboss'd rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong. Art thou not asham'd?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? Thou know'st in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you pick'd my pocket?

Prince. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee. Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests. Thou shalt find me

179 emboss'd: swollen.

tractable to any honest reason; thou seest I am pacified still. Nay, prithee, be gone.

Exit Hostess.

Now, Hal, to the news at court. For the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

Prince. O my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee. The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

Prince. I am good friends with my father and may do anything.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

Prince. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous. I laud them, I praise them.

Prince. Bardolph!

Bard. My lord?

Prince. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Go, Peto, to horse, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. [*Exit Peto.*] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple hall at two o'clock in the afternoon. There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive

Money and order for their furniture.

208 with unwashed hands: in haste. 228 furniture: equipment.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either we or they must lower lie. [*Exit.*]
Fal. Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast, come!
O, I could wish this tavern were my drum!
Exit.

Act Fourth

SCENE I

[*The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*]

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot! If speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By God, I cannot flatter; I do defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.
Doug. Thou art the king of honour.
No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him.

Enter a Messenger with letters.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well.—
What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.
Mess. These letters come from your father.
Hot. Letters from him! Why comes he not himself?

3 attribution: praise (lit. character ascribed to one). 7 soothers: flatterers. approve: test.

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.
Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?
Mess. His letters bears his mind, not I, my lord.
Wor. I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd by his physicians.
Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole
Ere he by sickness had been visited.
His health was never better worth than now.
Hot. Sick now! droop now! This sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement
That with our small conjunction we should on
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?
Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.
Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off.
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main

32 by deputation: by means of agents. 36 advertisement: advice. 37 conjunction: allied forces. 44 want: absence. 47 main: stake.

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion,
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in.
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division. It will be thought
By some that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence;
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction
And breed a kind of question in our cause.
For well you know we of the off'ring side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,

51 list: limit. 54 where: whereas. reversion: future hope. 61 hair: character. 69 off'ring: attacking. 70 arbitrement: arbitration. 77 opinion: reputation.

A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head
To push against a kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think. There is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

Hot. No harm. What more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms
All plum'd like estridges that with the wind
Bated; like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,

96 daff'd: thrust. 98 estridges: goshawks. 99 bated: beat their wings: 104 beaver: helmet. 105 cuisses: thigh-armour.

As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.
Hot. No more, no more! Worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come!
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war
All hot and bleeding will we offer them.
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh
And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.
O that Glendower were come!
Ver. There is more news.
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.
Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.
Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.
Hot. What may the King's whole battle reach unto?
Ver. To thirty thousand.
Hot. Forty let it be!
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily.
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.
Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
Of death or death's hand for this one-half year.
Exeunt.

109 wind: to move in a circle. 118 reprisal: prize. 129 battle: army.

SCENE II

[*A public road near Coventry.*]

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton Cop-hill to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end.

Bard. I will, captain; farewell. *Exit.*

Fal. If I be not asham'd of my soldiers, I am a sous'd gurnet. I have misus'd the King's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeoman's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I press'd me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads; and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of

5 Lay out: spend freely. 6 angel: 10s. 13 sous'd gurnet: pickled fish. press: warrant for conscripting troops. 19 banns: See n. commodity: lot, assortment. 21 caliver: musket. 27 ancients: ensigns.

companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old feaz'd ancient; and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them as have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tack'd together and thrown over the shoulders like an herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter the Prince and Westmoreland.

Prince. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!
Fal. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a

29 painted cloth: See n. 35 feaz'd ancient: frayed flag. 40 draff: refuse. 46 gyves: fetters.

devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy! I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all. We must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me. I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

Prince. I think, to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better. Tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

Prince. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste. Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir John. I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III

[*The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*]

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.
Wor. It may not be.
Doug. You give him then advantage.
Ver. Not a whit.
Hot. Why say you so? Looks he not for supply?
Ver. So do we.
Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.
Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.
Ver. Do not my lord.
Doug. You do not counsel well.
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.
Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas. By my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives.
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.
Doug. Yea, or to-night.
Ver. Content.
Hot. To-night, say I.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition. Certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up.
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

17 leading: generalship. 19 expedition: haste.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated and brought low.
The better part of ours are full of rest.
Wor. The number of the King exceedeth ours.
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.
The trumpet sounds a parley.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.
Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.
Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed majesty.
But to my charge. The King hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest
And pardon absolute for yourself and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.
Hot. The King is kind; and well we know the King
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle and myself

36 quality: party. 42 whereupon: for what reason. 51 suggestion: instigation.

Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And when he heard him swear and vow to God
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocence and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.
Now when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths.
Gave him their heirs as pages, followed him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth,
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for;
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,

62 sue his livery: claim his estate. 68 more and less: all classes. 79 strait: strict.

When he was personal in the Irish war.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.
Hot. Then to the point.
In short time after, he depos'd the King;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state.
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,
Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king, to be engag'd in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated mine uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and withal to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the King?
Hot. Not so, Sir Walter; we'll withdraw a while.
Go to the King; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.
Hot. And may be so we shall.
Blunt. Pray God you do.
Exeunt.

88 personal: in person. 92 task'd: taxed. 98 intelligence: spies. 99 rated: berated. 103 head of safety: army to insure safety. 105 indirect: unjust.

SCENE IV

[*York. The Archbishop's palace.*]

Enter the Archbishop of York and Sir Michael.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief
With winged haste to the Lord Marshal,
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.
Sir M. My good lord,
I guess their tenour.
Arch. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The King with mighty and quick-raised power
Meets with Lord Harry; and, I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the King.
Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir M. But there is Murdoch, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

15 proportion: magnitude. 17 rated sinew: force counted upon.

Arch. And so there is; but yet the King hath drawn
The special head of all the land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
And many moe corrivals and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.
Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed;
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the King
Dismiss his power he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him.
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.
Exeunt.

Act Fifth

SCENE I

[*The King's camp near Shrewsbury.*]

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaff.

King. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! The day looks pale
At his distemperature.
Prince. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blust'ring day.
King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.
The trumpet sounds.

31 moe: more. dear: worthy. 2 busky: wooded. 3 distemperature: unusual appearance.

Enter Worcester [*and Vernon*].

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel.
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? Will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege.
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

King. You have not sought it! How comes it, then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prince. Peace, chewet, peace!

Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home and boldly did outdare

21 broached: already begun. 29 chewet: chatterer (lit. jackdaw). 32 remember: remind.

The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fallen right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rain'd down fortune show'ring on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent King,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the King
So long in his unlucky Irish wars
That all in England did repute him dead;
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And being fed by us you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight and raise this present head;
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

King. These things indeed you have articulate,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,

51 sufferances: sufferings. 60 gull: nestling bird. See n. dangerous: threatening. 72 articulate: expressed in articles.

To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation.
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havoc and confusion.

Prince. In both your armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy. By my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so I hear he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty:
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

King. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part;

74 face: ornament. 78 innovation: insurrection. 79 want: lack. 88 set off his head: not put to his account.

And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he and they and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again and I'll be his.
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply.
We offer fair; take it advisedly.

Exeunt Worcester [*and Vernon*].

Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

King. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge,
For, on their answer, will we set on them;
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

Exeunt all but the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

Prince. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.

Prince. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*]

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? How then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word honour? What is that honour? Air; a trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday.

Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No.
'Tis insensible, then? Yea, to the dead.
But will it not live with the living? No.
Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism.

Exit.

SCENE II

[*The rebel camp.*]

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal and kind offer of the King.
Ver. 'Twere best he did.
Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King should keep his word in loving us.
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults.
Supposition all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,

143 scutcheon: coat-of-arms borne in funeral processions or hung in churches. 8 Supposition: suspicion. 18 adopted name or privilege: See n.

And an adopted name of privilege,
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen.
All his offences live upon my head
And on his father's. We did train him on,
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will; I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter Hotspur [*and Douglas*].

Hot. My uncle is return'd;
Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.
Uncle, what news?

Wor. The King will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. *Exit.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter Douglas.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the King,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to-day
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking? Seem'd it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise
By still dispraising praise valued with you;
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself,
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he mast'red there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause; but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.
Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
On his follies. Never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm with speed! and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

51 tasking: challenge. 56 duties: due merits. 62 cital: mention. 68 owe: own.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.
O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

[*2.*] *Mess.* My lord, prepare; the King comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this—
Let each man do his best; and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now *Esperance!* Percy! and set on.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.
They embrace [*and exeunt*].

SCENE III

[*Plain between the camps.*]

The trumpets sound. The King enters with his power [*and passes over*]. *Alarum to the battle. Then enter Douglas and Sir Walter Blunt.*

84 dial's point: hand of clock.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? What honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness, for instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him. So shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

They fight. Douglas kills Blunt.

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the King.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? No. I know this face full well.
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd like the King himself.

Doug. Ah! "fool" go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the King.

21 Semblably: similarly.

Hot. Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Falstaff, solus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring but upon the pate. Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt. There's honour for you! Here's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too. God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are pepper'd. There's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter the Prince.

Prince. What, stands thou idle here? Lend me thy sword.
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unreveng'd. I prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe a while. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

Prince. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gets not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

Prince. Give it me. What, is it in the case?

30 shot-free: without paying the bill. 46 Turk Gregory: See n.

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot. There's that will sack a city.

The Prince draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack.

Prince. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

He throws the bottle at him. Exit.

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath. Give me life, which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. *Exit.*

SCENE IV

[*Another part of the field.*]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince [*wounded*], *Lord John of Lancaster, and Earl of Westmoreland.*

King. I prithee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleedest too much.
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

Prince. I beseech your Majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do so.
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

Prince. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive

60 carbonado: meat scored across for broiling. 5 make up: advance. 6 amaze: alarm, confuse.

The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

Lan. We breathe too long. Come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.*]

Prince. By God, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit.
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

Prince. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! *Exit.*

Enter Douglas.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads.
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them. What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

King. The King himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart
So many of his shadows thou hast met
And not the very King. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field;
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; so, defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king.
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

22 maintenance: bearing, behaviour.

They fight; the King being in danger, re-enter Prince of Wales.

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! The spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms.
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.
They fight: Douglas flies.
Cheerly, my lord, how fares your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton. I'll to Clifton straight.

King. Stay, and breathe a while.
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prince. O God! they did me too much injury
That ever said I heark'ned for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

King. Make up to Clifton. I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey. *Exit.*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

Prince. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

Prince. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

49 mak'st some tender of: hast some regard for. 52 heark'ned: waited eagerly for news of.

To share with me in glory any more.
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

Prince. I'll make a greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

They fight.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter Douglas; he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead [*and exit Douglas. Hotspur is wounded, and falls*].

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me.
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh.
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue. No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [*Dies.*]

Prince. For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;

65 See n. 90 bound: enclosure.

But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. This earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal;
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not rememb'red in thy epitaph!

He spieth Falstaff on the ground.

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity!
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by;
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. *Exit.*

Fal. (*Rising up.*) Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit. To die is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part

95 dear: heartfelt. 96 favours: scar. 109 Embowell'd: disembowelled for embalming. 112 powder: salt. 114 termagant: violent, quarrelsome. 115 scot and lot: utterly.

of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How, if he should counterfeit too and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [*stabbing him*], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

Takes up Hotspur on his back.

Re-enter the Prince of Wales and Lord John of Lancaster.

Prince. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prince. I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive?
Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?
I prithee, speak; we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man; but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*throwing the body down*]. If your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

142 double man: See n.

Prince. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh. If the man were alive and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back.
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

A retreat is sounded.

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

Exeunt [*Prince of Wales and Lancaster*].

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.

Exit.

SCENE V

[*Another part of the field.*]

The trumpets sound. Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners.

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester! did not we send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else
Had been alive this hour,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done my safety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

King. Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too.
Other offenders we will pause upon.
Exeunt Worcester and Vernon [*guarded*].
How goes the field?

Prince. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruis'd
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your Grace
I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

4 turn—contrary: misrepresent. 5 tenour: purport.

Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong.
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free.
His valours shown upon our crests to-day
Have taught us how to cherish such high deeds
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

Lan. I thank your Grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

King. Then this remains, that we divide our power.
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms.
Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day;
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

Exeunt.

TWELFTH NIGHT
OR
WHAT YOU WILL

TWELFTH NIGHT

INTRODUCTION

Twelfth Night, the third in time of Shakespeare's glorious triad of romantic comedies, is in some ways the most delightful, in many ways the most perfectly finished of the three. It lacks, to be sure, the greenwood atmosphere of *As You Like It;* it has no such rapier thrusts of repartee as we find in the wit-combats of *Much Ado.* On the other hand, the smooth rhythm of its action is not broken by the manifest improbabilities of the former, nor its lovely harmony of tone marred by such discords as the baseness of Don John and the credulity of Claudio introduce into the latter of these plays. Nowhere else, not even in Shakespeare, are romance and realism so happily blended in lovely poetry and laughing prose. From the time of its first appearance on the stage of the Globe it has been one of the few plays of Shakespeare that has held the boards with very little alteration. Lamb's delightful essay *On Some of the Old Actors* brings before our eyes a group of players who filled the parts of this comedy in his young days and is, in some ways, the best of introductions to the play itself.

Text.—There is no earlier version of *Twelfth Night* than that of the First Folio, 1623. Shakespeare's company were able, it seems, to prevent a prior publication of the play, and we are therefore forced to rely for the text upon the folio version. Fortunately this was printed from a good manuscript and is remarkably free from errors and corruptions.

Date.—The date of *Twelfth Night* can be fixed within certain rather narrow limits. It is not mentioned by Meres in his well-known list of Shakespeare's plays in 1598, as it would certainly have been, had it been on the boards in that year; and we have a record of its performance early in 1602 before the lawyers of the Middle Temple. Somewhere between these dates it must have been composed, and an accumulation of minor details points toward the later date. Certainly it was written after Arnim, who played the part of Feste, succeeded Kemp, the Dogberry of *Much Ado,* early in 1600. It is fairly safe therefore to date *Twelfth Night* late in 1600 or sometime in 1601. There is, indeed, a bare possibility, that the title, *Twelfth Night,* points to a first production of the play on this festival day, the sixth of January, in 1601. Shakespeare seems to have been quite careless as to the titles of his plays and when pressed for a name for the new play to be presented on this date may have told his fellows: "Call it the play of *Twelfth Night* or *What You Will,*" i.e. anything you wish.

Sources.—There has been much shedding of ink in the search for the sources of *Twelfth Night.* The quest began in the first record of the play. Manningham, one of the lawyers who attended the performance in the Middle Temple, noted in his diary that "Twelve Night or What you will" was "much like . . . Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and near to that in Italian called *Inganni.*" Now there are two sixteenth century Italian plays of that name, but neither bears any close relation to *Twelfth Night,* although in one of them the disguised heroine takes the name of Cesare, which certainly suggests Viola's assumed name, Cesario. But there is a third Italian play older than either of these, *Gl'Ingannati* (The Deceived), which shows a much

nearer resemblance. It was first published in 1537, frequently reprinted, translated into French and Spanish, and finally into Latin by an English scholar in which form it was acted at Queen's College, Cambridge, under the name of *Laelia* in 1590 and again in 1598. In other words it was an exceedingly popular play, so much so that its plot was retold by various novelists, Bandello in Italian prose, Belleforest in French, and Barnaby Riche in English. This last version, known as *Apolonius and Silla,* is the second of a group of tales in a volume entitled *Riche his Farewell to the Military Profession,* 1581, a work which almost certainly came into Shakespeare's hands. Finally there is some reason to believe that there was an English play, now lost, which bore a very close resemblance to Riche's story and may in fact have been his own immediate source.

What does all this amount to? Briefly the central idea of the plot, the undistinguishable likeness of twins, goes back to Plautus and behind him to Greek comedy. An unknown Italian playwright introduced a new and skillful variation by making the twins brother and sister. He went further and made the girl disguise herself as a page to follow the man she loves. As his page she is employed to carry love-letters to the lady he loves, who in turn falls in love with the page. In the meantime her brother—long absent from the scene—arrives and is mistaken by the lady for the page, his sister. When she makes love to him, he promptly responds and marries her. The page is accused by her master of betraying him, but on the revelation of her true sex is rewarded with his hand in marriage. Such with many minor variations is the story as it came to Shakespeare; he probably knew more than one of the

many versions, borrowed from each what suited him, and compiled the charming plot of *Twelfth Night*.

It will be noted that there has been no word so far of the minor plot, the trick played on Malvolio and the revels of Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the clown. This, so far as we know, is Shakespeare's own invention, though he may well have caught a hint here and there in his reading. One of Riche's stories tells how a husband shut his scolding wife up in a dark room pretending that she was mad; the neighbors who believed his report come to visit her and reply to her wild protests by bidding her "forget these idle speeches and call upon God." This may have suggested one phase of the Malvolio story to Shakespeare, but the device of the letter, the behavior of Malvolio before his mistress, and the manner in which characters of the underplot, Sir Andrew and Sir Toby, are employed to bring about the denouement of the main story, is certainly his own.

Construction.—The main plot of *Twelfth Night* is, of course, the romantic tale of Viola and Sebastian, twin brother and sister, their separation in a shipwreck, their love affairs, and final re-union. Over against this as a foil, to preserve the play from sinking into an excess of sentiment, Shakespeare develops a group of broad comedy figures, gathered at the house of Olivia, whose pranks serve as a refreshing interlude to the romantic plot. Let us see how the two are interwoven.

A short scene at the beginning introduces us to the amorous Duke of Illyria, and his sentimental passion for the hard-hearted Lady Olivia. Then the shipwrecked heroine appears, and we learn that she means to disguise herself as a page and take service with the Duke. The third scene introduces the comic characters, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria. So far we have had swift and

clear exposition; with the fourth scene the action begins. Viola, now known as the page Cesario, has won the favor of the Duke and has fallen in love with him. Love at first sight is here, as elsewhere, of course, a convention of romantic comedy. With her dispatch to Olivia as the Duke's messenger of love the plot advances and it is at once complicated by the fact that Olivia falls in love at first sight with the page. And now to prepare us for further complications Shakespeare introduces the twin brother, like Viola rescued from the sea and bound to Orsino's court. After a brief scene in which Viola learns that Olivia has fallen in love with her we get, by way of relief, a passage of uproarious midnight revelry—perhaps the jolliest scene that Shakespeare ever penned. The resentment of the revelers at the interruption and harsh rebuke of the steward, Malvolio, leads them to plot his downfall. The plot is immediately and completely successful in the last scene of the act. In between, however, for fear we should forget Viola, Shakespeare interposes the loveliest scene of the play in which the heroine and her master talk of man's love and woman's, and the unhappy lady tells her own story under the pretense of speaking of a sister's sorrow. The third act brings matters to a head; Olivia openly avows her passion to the page; Sir Andrew, her foolish suitor, is encouraged by his friends to challenge the page and thus win Olivia's favor. And now to keep him before our eyes Sebastian is again introduced accompanied by his rescuer the old sea-captain, Antonio. They part, Sebastian bearing the captain's purse which has been thrust upon him, and we know that the time is at hand for the brother and sister to be mistaken one for the other. And this occurs almost at once. After a scene in which the gulled Malvolio's behavior leads his mistress to

believe him mad and to turn him over to the tender mercies of Sir Toby, we get the delightful episode of the mock duel, if so it can be called, between the page and Sir Andrew. Here for the first time the romantic and comic plots touch, and henceforth they are closely interwoven. Antonio, mistaking the page for Sebastian, comes to his aid and is promptly arrested as an old enemy of the Duke by that lord's officers. Calling on the page for his purse he addresses him as Sebastian, and this leads Viola to hope that her brother may still be living. The short fourth act complicates the intrigue still more closely, for now Sebastian is mistaken for his sister. Attacked by Sir Andrew and Sir Toby, he defends himself in quite another manner than she had done, and a dangerous brawl is interrupted by Olivia, who rescues, as she believes, her beloved page and carries him off with her. After a comic interlude in which Malvolio confined in darkness is mocked by Sir Toby and the Clown, we get the marriage, or perhaps, one should say the formal betrothal of Sebastian and Olivia. Some carping critics have objected to the haste with which this engagement takes place. They forget that the story tells of Elizabethans, not of prudent modern folk. Olivia is overjoyed to find the page, who had so persistently rebuffed her, in a softer mood, and Sebastian would differ widely from the usual Elizabethan gallant if, finding himself alone and unfriended in a foreign land, he did not accept the good fortune which offered him for a wife a lady well-born, beautiful, and rich.

The long unbroken scene which constitutes the last act brings about the final solution. All the actors gather one by one before Olivia's house. The Duke comes in person attended by his page to make a last effort to win his suit. Antonio dragged before him denounces

the ingratitude of Sebastian, i.e. the page; Olivia appears to claim the page, i.e. Sebastian, as her husband; the Duke's wrath is aroused, and things might have gone hard with the page, when a burst of comedy clears up the whole. Sir Andrew and Sir Toby have once more attacked Sebastian as the page; he has given each of them a bloody coxcomb, and they now appear, Andrew whimpering, Sir Toby hiccuping, to get their wounds dressed. They are closely followed by Sebastian who comes to apologize to his mistress for his rough treatment of her kinsman. Now for the first time brother and sister meet on the stage. They recognize each other, the whole comedy of errors is dissolved; Olivia is satisfied with the gallant husband she has won by mistake; the Duke rewards the devotion of his page by a promise of his hand; Malvolio is freed from his confinement, and the Clown ends all with a merry song. Nowhere else in Shakespeare's comedies do we have so deft, so entertaining, and so happy a piece of plot-construction.

Characters.—High comedy such as *Twelfth Night* is marked even more by power and subtlety of characterization than by deft and entertaining plot. And it is not too much to say that the characters of this play rank high in Shakespeare's gallery of masterpieces. It required no little skill in character portrayal to keep such a sentimentalist as the Duke from becoming a ridiculous, if not a contemptible, figure, and to make him what he is, in truth, a charming and really lovable gentleman. And this he must be to justify Viola's love. With the same art Olivia, for all her fantastical and headstrong nature, is presented as a great and honorable lady, not the mere coquette or wanton of her predecessors in the sources. It is in the character of Viola, however, that Shakespeare achieves his su-

preme triumph in the play. In the earlier versions the heroine deliberately leaves her home and assumes man's disguise to follow the man she loves, although he cares nothing for her. In one of them, at least, she actually attempts to gain her end by suggesting that she, in her character of page, might consent to love Olivia's prototype, if that lady will definitely dismiss the suitor who corresponds to the Duke. Such willfulness, such trickery, is altogether foreign to Shakespeare's heroine; she is the most modest, the most wistful, of all his ladies of romance. It is the misfortune of shipwreck, not her own desire, that brings her to the Duke's court; it is for protection rather than for pursuit that she dons a page's dress; and it is her fate, not her voluntary choice, that makes her love her master. In her love, moreover, there is a note of loyalty and unselfish devotion that is peculiarly her own. Even her feminine shrinking at the thought of drawn swords, her confession that she would rather "go with sir priest than sir knight," endears her to us, and helps to make her, perhaps, the most lovable of Shakespeare's heroines.

The characters of the comic plot are all sharply drawn, distinctly individualized. Sir Toby, indeed, belongs to the family of Falstaff, but he lacks the fat knight's irrepressible and unfailing wit; he is a little prompter than Sir John to proceed from words to blows; something of a rudesby and a roisterer. One can hardly imagine a Prince Hal delighting in his companionship. His running mate, Sir Andrew, is surely the most perfect and complete picture of a fool that Shakespeare ever drew. If ever it is permissible to laugh at hopeless folly, it is here where the incongruity between his character, or rather want of it, and his title, between his pretensions to Olivia's hand and his behavior in her house, is so gross and palpable. The Clown, too, is the merriest of all Shakespeare's jesters;

not so witty as Touchstone, not so keen-sighted as the Fool of *Lear*, he is, one feels, happier than either of them, and fits more perfectly into the atmosphere of this happy comedy. It is interesting to note that Shakespeare has made him a singing fool; perhaps he had just discovered that his new fellow, Arnim, had "an excellent breast."

There is but one character in the play in the least likely to be misunderstood. That is, of course, Malvolio. One misunderstanding seems to be due to the interpretation of the part by a line of actors, beginning, as Lamb's essay tells us, along with the rise of the Romantic School. Lamb's Bensley, Kemble, and in later days Irving, gave to the rôle a note of Quixotic dignity that threw a certain shadow of tragic interest over the steward's downfall. This, it would seem, is quite contrary to Shakespeare's intention. To his auditors, we may be sure, Malvolio was what a contemporary calls him "that cross-gartered gull." Make what allowance one may for Malvolio's rank as major-domo of a great lady's household, for his honesty, respectability, and so forth, the fact remains that he is, as his quick-witted mistress tells him, "sick of self-love," a vain and pompous prig. Utterly without a sense of humour his absurd conceit makes it a "ground of faith" with him that "all that look on him love him," and so delivers him helplessly into the trap that is laid for him. To prick a swollen bubble of vanity is a fit task for the comic spirit and in spite of Lamb's whimsicality it might well be maintained that he who feels a tragic sympathy for Malvolio is well-nigh as devoid of humour as Malvolio himself. Another and a slighter error is due perhaps to academic critics, who in their effort to discover topical allusion in Shakespeare have declared Malvolio to be the poet's satiric portrait of the Puritan. One phrase of Maria's should be enough

to dispel this illusion: "the devil of a Puritan he is." When an Elizabethan dramatist whetted his knife for the Puritan enemies of his profession he left his audience in no doubt as to his meaning, witness Jonson's portraits of Tribulation Wholesome and Zeal-for-the-Land Busy. Malvolio shares with the Puritan, to be sure, a strong objection to all pleasures that do not please him. He got Fabian into trouble with his lady about a bear-baiting in or near her court—one recalls that the Puritan Colonel Pride shot the bears that had long furnished this sport for London citizens. He appears to hold, with certain modern thinkers, that because he is virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale. But the crying vice of the Puritan in all ages is hypocrisy and there is nothing of the hypocrite about Malvolio. Let him pass with the labels his lady and Maria pin on him—"sick of self love" and "an affectioned, (i.e. affected) ass."

Beauty of phrase.—There is mirth enough in *Twelfth Night,* but there is beauty too. In fact the special charm of the play lies in its happy mingling of laughter and romantic beauty. There is the clear-cut diction such as all high comedy must have, winged words and phrases that have woven themselves into the web of English speech—Sir Toby's "cakes and ale," the Clown's "ginger hot in the mouth." And the verse of the romantic scenes has its own peculiar charm, a certain wistful beauty smiling at grief. Such a lyric as "Come away death" would be out of place, one feels, in robuster realistic comedy. The play opens to music and closes with the Clown's song of the wind and the rain, "The comic Spirit" says Meredith "is not hostile to the sweetest songfully poetic"—and no better proof of this apparent paradox could be found than this sweet and songful comedy of Shakespeare's.

TWELTH NIGHT
OR
WHAT YOU WILL

[Dramatis Personæ

Orsino, Duke of Illyria.
Sebastian, brother to Viola.
Antonio, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.
Valentine, Curio, } gentlemen attending on the Duke.
Sir Toby Belch, uncle to Olivia.
Sir Andrew Aguecheek.
Malvolio, steward to Olivia.
Fabian, Feste, a clown, } servants to Olivia.
Olivia, a rich countess.
Viola.
Maria, Olivia's woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

Scene: *A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it.*]

Act First

scene i

[*A room in the Duke's palace.*]

Enter Orsino, Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Lords [*Musicians attending*].

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on!
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! It had a dying fall.
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour. Enough! no more!
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price
Even in a minute! So full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;

9 quick: living. 12 validity: value. pitch: height. 13 abatement: lower estimation. 14 fancy: love. 15 high fantastical: highly imaginative. 21-23 hart: See n.

And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter Valentine.

How now! what news from her?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all suppli'd, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopi'd with bowers.
Exeunt.

SCENE II

[*The sea-coast.*]

Enter Viola, a Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

26 element: sky. seven years' heat: seven summers. 30 season: keep fresh. 39 one self king: one sole monarch.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd. What think you, sailors?
Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.
Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.
Cap. True, madam; and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so, there's gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him.
He was a bachelor then.
Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur—as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

15 Arion: See n.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died; for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke.
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him.
It may be worth thy pains, for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of music
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit,
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be.
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee. Lead me on. *Exeunt.*

42-44 See n.

SCENE III

[*A room in Olivia's house.*]

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights. Your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you. I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats. He's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! He plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four

7 except before excepted: legal phrase meaning "with the exceptions before named." 20 tall: valiant. 27 viol-de-gamboys: viol da gamba, violoncello.

languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural; for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, morever, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a coystrill that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo!* for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

30 natural: idiot. 33 gust: zest. 36 subtractors: detractors. 43 coystrill: knave. 44 parish-top: See n. 45 *Castiliano vulgo*: See n.

Sir To. You mistake, knight. "Accost" is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of "accost"?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, "thought is free." I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? What's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so. I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends. Marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. *Exit.*

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary. When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

78-81 dry: See n. 85 canary: a sweet wine.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *"pourquoi"?* Do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff, and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby. Your niece will not be seen, or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me. The Count himself here hard by wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the Count. She'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshawses knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

100-101 why—hair: See n. 118 there's life in't: there's hope still. 122 kickshawses: trifles.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? Are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a damn'd colour'd stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? Were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! That's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. Ha! Higher! Ha, ha! Excellent! *Exeunt.*

127 galliard: a lively dance. 130 mutton: the flower of the caper-bush was used in pickling mutton. 131 back-trick: caper backwards in dancing. 136 Mall's: See n. 137 coranto: quick dance. 139 sink-a-pace: cinque-pace, a five-step dance. 145 damn'd colour'd: See n. 145 stock: stockings. 148 Taurus: constellation supposed to govern neck, throat, and voice.

SCENE IV

[*A room in the Duke's palace.*]

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd. He hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the Count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof. Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all. I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul;
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her.
Be not deni'd access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?
Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith.
It shall become thee well to act my woes.
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.
Vio. I think not so, my lord.
Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man. Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound;
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. Some four or five attend him,—
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.
Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your lady,—[*aside*] yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.
Exeunt.

SCENE V

[*A room in Olivia's house.*]

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy absence.

32 rubious: rosy. 33 sound: clear. 34 semblative: seeming like. 35 constellation: nature (determined by stars). 41 barful: full of impediments.

Clo. Let her hang me! He that is well hang'd in this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of "I fear no colours."

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent; or, to be turn'd away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clo. Not so, neither; but I am resolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way. If Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady. Make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*]

6 fear no colour: 1) fear no enemy 2) hempen collar of hangman's noose. 9 lenten: short, scanty. 26-7 Pun on "points," the lace-tags that held up the gaskins (breeches).

Enter Lady Olivia with Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man; for what says Quinapalus? "Better a witty fool than a foolish wit."—God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool, I'll no more of you; besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patch'd; virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with sin, and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprison in the highest degree! Lady, *"cucullus non facit monachum"*; that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

39 Quinapalus: a coined name. 44 dry: dull. 46 madonna: my lady. 50 botcher: mender of old clothes. 52 patch'd: like a fool's motley or parti-colored dress. 56-7 meaningless. 61 Misprison: misapprehension (lit. concealment of treason). 62 *"cucullus"* etc: The cowl does not make the monk.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechise you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? Doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal. I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already. Unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

69 mouse: term of endearment. 90 barren: stupid. 96 zanies: foolish imitators.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Re-enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam. 'Tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you. He speaks nothing but madman; fie on him! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home,—what you will, to dismiss it. (*Exit Malvolio.*) Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for—here he comes—

Enter Sir Toby.

one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater.*

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

100 bird-bolts: blunt arrows. 102 allow'd: licensed. 105 leasing: lying. 123 *pia mater:* brain (lit. membrane covering brain). 125 cousin: kinsman.

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

Clo. Good Sir Toby!

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not; give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. *Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman. One draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner and let him sit o' my coz, for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd. Go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. *Exit.*

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick. He takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep. He seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? He's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

132 lethargy: drunken state. 142 crowner: coroner.

Mal. Has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner. He'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple. 'Tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd and he speaks very shrewishly. One would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. *Exit.*

Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil. Come, throw it o'er my face. We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have

157 sheriff's post: post for notices at sheriff's door. 166 squash: unripe peascod. 167 codling: unripe apple. 168 standing water: at the turn of the tide.

taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn. I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't. I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned. I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allow'd your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone. If you have reason, be brief. 'Tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? Here lies your way.

186 con: learn by heart. 187 comptible: sensitive. 198 usurp: counterfeit. 214 skipping: mad.

Vio. No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage. I hold the olive in my hand. My words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone; we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt Maria.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now

217 swabber: deck-swabber. hull: float. 225 taxation: demand.

out of your text, but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present. Is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you. O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adoration, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him.
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble;
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth,
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,

252 this present: this moment. 255 in grain: natural, a "fast" color. 265 labell'd to my will: appended to my will (like an inventory). 268 praise: appraise. 279 in voices well divulg'd: highly spoken of.

And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person. But yet I cannot love him.
He might have took his answer long ago.
Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.
Oli. Why, what would you?
Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out "Olivia!" O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!
Oli. You might do much.
What is your parentage?
Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.
I am a gentleman.
Oli. Get you to your lord.
I cannot love him. Let him send no more,—
Unless, perchance, you come to me again
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well!
I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me.
Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady. Keep your purse.
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.
Exit.

280 dimension: body. 284 deadly: deathlike. 289 cantons: songs. 297 state: condition.

Oli. "What is your parentage?"
"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.
I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art.
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit
Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too fast! Soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.
Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The County's man. He left this ring behind him,
Would I or not. Tell him I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes. I'm not for him.
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.
Mal. Madam, I will. *Exit.*
Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force; ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be, and be this so.
[*Exit.*]

312 blazon: coat-of-arms. 313 Unless . . . man: unless Orsino were in Cesario's place. 319 peevish: foolish. 322 flatter with: deceive with hopes. 327-28 See n. 329 owe: own.

Act Second

scene i

[*The sea-coast.*]

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? Nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me. The malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours, therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompense for your love to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, sir. My determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call'd Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleas'd, would we had so ended! But you, sir, alter'd that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day!

5 distemper: disorder. 11 determinate: fixed. 12 extravagancy: vagrancy, aimless wandering. 13 touch: feeling. modesty: moderation, decency. 16 express: reveal.

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her: she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drown'd already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once. My bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court. Farewell. *Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. *Exit.*

SCENE II

[*A street.*]

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at several doors.

Mal. Were you not even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir. On a moderate pace I have since arriv'd but hither.

24 breach: breakers. 28 estimable wonder: admiring judgment. 45 gentleness: goodwill.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir. You might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him; and—one thing more—that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me. I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so return'd. If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. *Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her. What means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure. The cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! Why, he sent her none.
I am the man! If it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.

8 desperate: hopeless. 29 pregnant: clever, quick-witted. 30 proper-false: handsome deceivers. 34 fadge: succeed. 35 fond: dote.

What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must untangle this, not I.
It is too hard a knot for me to untie! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III

[*A room in Olivia's house.*]

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew. Not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and *"deliculo surgere,"* thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion. I hate it as an unfill'd can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of "we three"?

2 *deliculo surgere* [saluberrimum est]: to rise early is most healthful. 14 stoup: cup. 17 "we three": See n.

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus. 'Twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman. Hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock. My lady has a white hand, and the Mermidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you. Let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too. If one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay. I care not for good life.

Clo. [*Sings.*]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

20 breast: voice. 24 Pigrogromitus, etc: learned nonsense. 26 leman: sweetheart. 27 impeticos thy gratillity: pocket thy gratuity. 34 testril: sixpence.

Clo. [*Sings.*]

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter.
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't. I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, "Thou knave."

Clo. "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool. It begins, "Hold thy peace."

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

Catch sung.

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not call'd up her steward Mal-

56 contagious breath: catchy tune. 61 weaver: See n.

volio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and "Three merry men be we." Am not I consanguineous? Am I not of her blood? Tilly-vally. Lady! [*Sings.*] "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too. He does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. [*Sings.*] "O, the twelfth day of December,"—

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad, or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing alli'd

80 Cataian: Chinese, here syn. for "rogue." 81 Peg-a-Ramsey: character in ballad. All the quotations that follow are from songs of the day. 83 Tilly-vally: expression of contempt. 95 tinkers: proverbially drunken lot. 97 cozier's: cobblers'. 101 Sneck up: go and be hanged.

to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone."

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. "His eyes do show his days are almost done."

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. "But I will never die."

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go?"

Clo. "What an if you do?"

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go, and spare not?"

Clo. "O no, no, no, no, you dare not."

Sir To. Out o' tune, sir! Ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule. She shall know of it, by this hand. *Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field,

131 chain: steward's badge of office. 134 rule: conduct.

and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight. I'll write thee a challenge, or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night. Since the youth of the Count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him. If I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us. Tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or anything constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths; the best persuaded of himself, so cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles

148 nayword: byword. 152 possess: inform. 163 affection'd: affected. 164 state: bearing. 165 swarths: swaths.

of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece. On a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable!

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter. Observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. *Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me. What o' that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

174 expressure: expression. 195 Penthesilea: Queen of the Amazons. See n. 196 Before me: by my soul. 202 recover: attain.

Sir To. Send for money, knight. If thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

[*A room in the Duke's palace.*]

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. Give me some music. Now,—good morrow, friends,—
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night,
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit Curio.*] *Music plays.*

Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;

205 cut: docked horse. 208 burn: heat and spice. sack: Spanish wine. 3 antique: quaint. 5 recollected terms: See n.

For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune?
Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.
Duke. Thou dost speak masterly.
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves.
Hath it not, boy?
Vio. A little, by your favour.
Duke. What kind of woman is 't?
Vio. Of your complexion.
Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?
Vio. About your years, my lord.
Duke. Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.
Vio. I think it well, my lord.
Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
Vio. And so they are; alas, that they are so!
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio and Clown.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain.

18 motions: emotions. 25 favour: face. 38 bent: tension (of a bow).

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it. It is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; prithee, sing. *Music.*

SONG

[*Clo.*] Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown.
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

46 free: carefree. bones: bone pins or bobbins. 47 silly sooth: simple truth. 49 old age: ancient time. 53 cypress: crape shroud.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything and their intent everywhere; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

Exit.

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[*Curio and Attendants retire.*]

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty.
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia. You cannot love her.
You tell her so. Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much. They lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,

87 giddily: indifferently. 89 pranks: adorns.

No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much. Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe.
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek. She pin'd in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more; but indeed
Our shows are more than will, for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste. Give her this jewel. Say
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

Exeunt.

101 liver: seat of the emotions. 117 monument: tomb. 120 Our—will: our professions are stronger than our will to put them into effect. 127 denay: denial.

SCENE V

[*Olivia's garden.*]

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come. If I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man. You know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear again, and we will fool him black and blue. Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain. How now, my metal of India!

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree; Malvolio's coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery, for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*], for here comes

6 sheep-biter: vicious cur. 16 metal of India: gold.

the trout that must be caught with tickling. *Exit.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune. All is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him. How he jets under his advanc'd plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio!

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't. The lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in. Look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown, having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

25 tickling: See n. 28 she: Olivia. 36 jets: struts. 44 lady of the Strachy: See n. 50 state: canopied chair. 51 stone-bow: bow which threw stones. 53 branch'd: flowered.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for kinsman Toby,—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O peace, peace, peace! Now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches, curtsies there to me,—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes, having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech,"—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. "You must amend your drunkenness."

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,"—

58 humour of state: caprice of authority. 59 travel of regard: glance around. 66 play with my—: is about to say "chain," i.e. steward's badge of office. 73 regard of control: look of authority.

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.
Mal. "One Sir Andrew,"—
Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.
Mal. What employment have we here?
[*Taking up the letter.*]
Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.
Sir To. O, peace, and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!
Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand. These be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.
Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that?
Mal. [*Reads.*] "To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes":—her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! And the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal. 'Tis my lady. To whom should this be?
Fab. This wins him, liver and all.
Mal. [*Reads.*]

"Jove knows I love;
But who?
Lips, do not move;
No man must know."

"No man must know." What follows? The numbers alter'd! "No man must know!" If this should be thee, Malvolio?
Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!
Mal. [*Reads.*]

92 woodcock: bird, emblem of stupidity. gin: snare. 97 in—question: without doubt. 103 impressure: impression. 112 numbers: metre. 114 brock: badger, term of contempt.

"I may command where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore.
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."

Fab. A fustian riddle!
Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.
Mal. "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life." Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.
Fab. What dish o' poison has she dress'd him!
Sir To. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!
Mal. "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me. I serve her. She is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity, there is no obstruction in this. And the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me!—Softly! M, O, A, I,—
Sir To. O, ay, make up that. He is now at a cold scent.
Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.
Mal. M,—Malvolio; M,—why, that begins my name.
Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? The cur is excellent at faults.
Mal. M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel. That suffers under probation. A should follow, but O does.
Fab. And O shall end, I hope.
Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

119 fustian: nonsensical. 124-5 See n. 128 formal capacity: ordinary intelligence. 135 Sowter, etc.: See n. 140 faults: breaks in the line of scent. 141 consonancy: agreement. 142 probation: test.

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former. And yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose. [*Reads.*] "If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd. I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE UNHAPPY."

Daylight and champaign discovers not more. This is open. I will be proud, I will read po-

151 simulation: disguised meaning. 152 crush: strain (the meaning). 155 revolve: consider. 162 slough: snake-skin. 163 opposite: antagonistic. 175 champaign: open country. 176 politic: treating of statecraft.

litic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

[*Reads.*] "Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling. Thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee."

Jove, I thank thee. I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. *Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device—

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

177 baffle: treat contemptuously. 178 point-device: precisely. 180 jade: abuse. 187 stout: overbearing. 200 Sophy: Shah of Persia.

Re-enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true. Does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady. He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. *Exeunt.*

210 tray-trip: a dice game. 227 Tartar: Tartarus.

Act Third

scene i

[*Olivia's garden.*]

Enter Viola and Clown [*with a tabor*].

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music! Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir. I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwells near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain. They that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But, indeed, words are very rascals since bonds disgrac'd them.

2 tabor: small drum. 13 cheveril: kid. 16 nicely: subtly. 17 wanton: light, frivolous (l. 23, lustful). 24 since—them: See n.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and car'st for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you. If that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly. She will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger. I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress. I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one,—[*aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

39 pilchards: a fish which looks like a herring. 48 pass upon: thrust at. 50 commodity: consignment. 57 use: interest.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir. 'Tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar. Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come. Who you are and what you would are out of my welkin—I might say "element," but the word is overworn.

Exit.

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art;
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? My niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

58 Pandarus: See n. 71 haggard: untrained hawk. check at: turn aside. 75 folly-fallen: when they speak like fools. wit: understanding, intelligence. 82 encounter: approach. 86 list: goal.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Gentlewoman.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier. "Rain odours"; well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. "Odours," "pregnant," and "vouchsafed"; I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt all but Olivia and Viola.*] Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment.
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours.
Your servant's servant is your servant, madame.

Oli. For him, I think not on him. For his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

94 prevented: anticipated. 100 pregnant: receptive. vouchsafed: willing.

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.
Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you,
I bade you never speak again of him;
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.
Dear lady,—
Oli. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you.
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown. A cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.
Vio. I pity you.
Oli. That's a degree to love.
Vio. No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.
Oli. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!
Clock strikes.
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time,
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;

123 enchantment: charm. 124 abuse: deceive. 130 baited etc.: See n. 131 receiving: understanding. 132 cypress: transparent crape. 135 grize: step. vulgar proof: common experience.

And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-ho! Grace and good disposition
Attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay!
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right. I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid. Love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

163 maugre: in spite of. 165-66: See n. 166 For that: because.

And so adieu, good madam; nevermore
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

Exeunt.

SCENE II

[*A room in Olivia's house.*]

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the Count's serving-man than ever she bestow'd upon me. I saw't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? Tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'S light, will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgement and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have

12 argument: proof.

accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was balk'd. The double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate. I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the Count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand. Be curst and brief. It is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention. Taunt him with the license of ink. If thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down. Go about it. Let

29 north: region of cold disdain. 30 Dutchman's beard: See n. 34 Brownist: member of an unpopular Puritan sect. 46 curst: ill-tempered. 49 thou'st: 'thou' used to intimates and inferiors, here an insult. 52 bed of Ware: See n.

there be gall enough in thy ink. Though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the cubiculo. Go.

Exit Sir Andrew.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him. But you'll not deliver't?

Sir To. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter-'d?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogg'd him like

57 cubiculo: apartment. 73 spleen: fit of laughter. 78 passages of grossness: acts of absurdity. 81 pedant: schoolmaster.

his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies. You have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him. If she do, he'll smile and take-'t for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

Exeunt.

SCENE III

[*A street.*]

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you. My desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth,
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable. My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever [thanks. Too] oft good turns

86 new map—: See n. 8 jealousy: apprehension.

Are shuffl'd off with such uncurrent pay;
But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir. Best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night.
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me.
I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the Count his galleys
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people?

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them, which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did; only myself stood out,
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant
Is best to lodge. I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town. There shall you have me.

17 worth: wealth. conscience: recognition of the debt. 19 reliques: See l. 23. 31 quality: nature. 36 lapsed: surprised, arrested.

Seb. Why I your purse?
Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.
Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.
Ant. To the Elephant.
Seb. I do remember.
Exeunt.

SCENE IV

[*Olivia's garden.*]

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Oli. [*Aside.*] I have sent after him; he says he'll come.
How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.
Where is Malvolio? He is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.
Where is Malvolio?
Mar. He's coming, madam, but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possess'd, madam.
Oli. Why, what's the matter? Does he rave?
Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile. Your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in 's wits.
Oli. Go call him hither.

5 sad: grave.

Enter Malvolio.

I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Oli. Smil'st thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad. This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, "Please one, and please all."

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? What is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed! Ay, sweet heart, and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request! Yes. Nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. "Be not afraid of greatness": 'twas well writ.

Oli. What mean'st thou by that, Malvolio?

25 Please—all: an old ballad. 31 Roman hand: a style of handwriting used by educated people.

Mal. "Some are born great,"—
Oli. Ha!
Mal. "Some achieve greatness,"—
Oli. What say'st thou?
Mal. "And some have greatness thrust upon them."
Oli. Heaven restore thee!
Mal. "Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,"—
Oli. Thy yellow stockings!
Mal. "And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd."
Oli. Cross-garter'd!
Mal. "Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so";—
Oli. Am I made?
Mal. "If not, let me see thee a servant still."
Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is return'd. I could hardly entreat him back. He attends your ladyship's pleasure.
Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him. I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

Exeunt [*Olivia and Maria*].

Mal. O, ho! do you come near me now? No worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter. She sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him, for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she;

69 miscarry: come to harm.

"be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;" and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to"; "fellow!" not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but "fellow." Why, everything adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter Maria with Sir Toby and Fabian

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess'd him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir? How is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you. Let me enjoy my private. Go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! Did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! Does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace. We must deal gently with him. Let me alone. How do you,

79 consequently: in what follows. 82 lim'd: snared as with birdlime. 88 scruple: pun 1) unit of measurement 2) doubt. 89 incredulous: incredible. 96 Legion: name of devil. Cf. Mark v. 9.

Malvolio? How is't with you? What, man, defy the devil! Consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God he be not bewitch'd!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress!

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way. Do you not see you move him? Let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently. The fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock! How dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, "Biddy, come with me." What, man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! You are idle shallow things; I am not of your element. You shall know more hereafter. *Exit.*

126 bawcock: beau coq—good fellow. 127 chuck: chick. 130 cherry-pit: a child's game of pitching cherry-stones into small hole. 138 element: sphere (of society).

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad. We may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it. I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't, I warrant him. Do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads.*] "Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. [*Reads.*] "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't."

Fab. A good note. That keeps you from the blow of the law.

143 genius: guiding spirit, soul. 145 take air and taint: become known and be discredited. 166 admire: be surprised.

Sir To. [*Reads.*] "Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly. But thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

Sir To. [*Reads.*] "I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,"—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. [*Reads.*] "Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain."

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law; good.

Sir To. [*Reads.*] "Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,

ANDREW AGUECHEEK."

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't. He is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew, scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily. So soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away!

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. *Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for

193 commerce: conversation. 196 bum-baily: bailiff who arrests for debt. 201 approbation: attestation.

the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find it comes from a clod- 210
pole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth, set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour, and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Re-enter Olivia with Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece. Give them way till he take leave, and presently after him. 220

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*]

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary on't.
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture. 230
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;

210 clodpole: blockhead. 218 cockatrices: mythical animal, supposed to kill by a glance. 220 presently: immediately. 224 unchary: heedlessly.

And I beseech you come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour sav'd may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this,—your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow. Fare thee well!
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. 240
[*Exit.*]

Re-enter Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee!

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't. Of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end. Dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir, I am sure. No man hath 250 any quarrel to me. My remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you; therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubb'd with unhatch'd rapier 260

246 bloody: bloodthirsty. 247 Dismount thy tuck: draw thy sword. yare: ready, nimble. 260 unhatch'd: unhacked.

and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl. Souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give't or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour. Belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him; therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is. It is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. *Exit.*

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

261 carpet consideration: See n. 266 Hob, nob: have or have not [give or take]. 268 conduct: escort. 271 quirk: caprice. 278 meddle; fight. 281 know: learn. 289 arbitrement: decision.

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't. I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight. I care not who knows so much of my mettle. *Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hits the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified. Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion. Stand here; make a good show on't. This shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside.*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

305 firago: virago. 307 stuck: thrust (It. stoccata). 308 on the answer: in the riposte, fencing term.

Re-enter Fabian and Viola.

[*To Fab.*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel. I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [*To Vio.*] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for's oath sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow. He protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. [*Aside.*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you. He cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

They draw.

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir! Why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more

323 take up: settle. 325 is—conceited: has as horrible a conception. 332 supportance: maintaining. 340 duello: laws of dueling.

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

They draw.

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! Here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily and reins well.

1. Off. This is the man; do thy office.

2. Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1. Off. No, sir, no jot. I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away; he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. [*To Vio.*] This comes with seeking you.
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd,
But be of comfort.

2. Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,

352 undertaker: meddler. 366 favour: face.

And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something. My having is not much.
I'll make division of my present with you.
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice or any feature.
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2. Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1. Off. What's that to us? The time goes by; away!

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

380 part: partly. 382 having: wealth. 383 present: present money. 387 unsound: weak. 400 venerable: worthy of veneration. 405 unkind: unnatural.

1. Off. The man grows mad; away with him! Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. *Exit [with Officers].*

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian. I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate. O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love.
[Exit.]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare. His dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him; and, for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.

Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,—

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

Exeunt.

418 yet—glass: reflected exactly in my dress and person.

Act Fourth

scene i

[*Before Olivia's house.*]

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow; let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else. Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me. There's money for thee. If you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase.

15 I—cockney: See n. 19 Greek: jester. 24 after—purchase: See n.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? There's for you. [*Striking Seb.*]

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad? [*Striking Sir A.*]

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Come on, sir. Hold!

Sir And. Nay, let him alone. I'll go another way to work with him. I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria. Though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron; you are well flesh'd. Come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby! On thy life I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam—

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,

48 Flesh'd: initiated in bloodshed. 47 malapert: saucy.

Where manners ne'er were preach'd! Out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario.
Rudesby, be gone!
[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*]
I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go.
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? How runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep.
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee. Would thou'dst be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be!

Exeunt.

SCENE II

[*Olivia's house.*]

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard. Make him believe thou art Sir Topas

55 Rudesby: ruffian. 57 extent: violence. 60 botch'd up: patched clumsily. 63 started: roused, alarmed. 2 Sir Topas: See n.

the curate. Do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby [*and Maria*].

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master Parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies,* Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, "That that is is"; so I, being master Parson, am master Parson; for, what is "that" but "that," and "is" but "is"?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say! Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*Within.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! How vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged.

5 dissemble: disguise. 8 tall: robust. 12 competitors: confederates. 16 Gorboduc: legendary British king. 29 hyperbolical: extravagant.

Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad. They have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Say'st thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clerestories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas. I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest. I say, there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzl'd than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abus'd. I am no more mad than you are. Make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

41 clerestories: upper windows in churches. 48 Egyptians—fog: darkness cast over Egypt by Moses, Cf. Exodus 10.21. 53 constant question: logical debate.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!
Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!
Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.
Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown. He sees thee not.
Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him. I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.
Exit [*with Maria*].

Clo. [*Singing.*] "Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does."
Mal. Fool!
Clo. "My lady is unkind, perdy."
Mal. Fool!
Clo. "Alas, why is she so?"
Mal. Fool, I say!
Clo. "She loves another"—Who calls, ha?
Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.
Clo. Master Malvolio?
Mal. Ay, good fool.
Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?
Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd. I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

68 I—waters: I can turn my hand to anything. 92 five wits: common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, memory. 93 notoriously: egregiously.

Clo. But as well? Then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me, keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! Endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas!

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? Not I, sir. God buy you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say!

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper. I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady. It shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not. I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see

99 propertied: used as tool (perhaps, thrust backstage among the properties). 101 face: bluff. 102 Advise: be careful. 103 See n. 108 God buy you: God be with you. 112 shent: reproved.

his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree. I prithee, be gone.

Clo. [*Singing.*] I am gone, sir,

And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain;

Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil,
Like a mad lad.
Pare thy nails, dad.
Adieu, goodman devil. *Exit.*

SCENE III

[*Olivia's garden.*]

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air, that is the glorious sun,
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't;
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant;
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,

134 Vice: stock comic character of "morality" plays. 6 was: had been. credit: belief, opinion.

That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she does. There's something in't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter Olivia and Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by; there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

Exeunt.

12 instance: example. discourse: reasoning. 21 deceivable: deceptive. 24 chantry: private chapel. 29 whiles: until. 30 what: at which.

Act Fifth

SCENE I

[*Before Olivia's house.*]

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Anything.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is to give a dog and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir! we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me. Now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass; so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused; so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirma-

23 conclusions—kisses: See n.

tives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me. There's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer. There's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all. The triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw. If you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir, but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

Exit.

Enter Antonio and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well,
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd

42 Saint Bennet: St. Benedict's Church in London.

As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war.
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cri'd fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

1. Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the *Phœnix* and her fraught from Candy,
And this is he that did the *Tiger* board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side,
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me.
I know not what 'twas but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! Thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me.
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither.
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem. A wreck past hope he was.
His life I gave him, and did thereto add

57 bawbling: insignificant. 58 unprizable: valueless. 59 scathful: destructive. 61 tongue of loss: voices of the losers. 64 Candy: now Crete. 67 desperate: reckless. 68 brabble: brawl. 71 distraction: madness. 74 dear: severe.

My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication. For his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing
While one would wink; deni'd me mine own purse.
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness.
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear

112 fat and fulsome: dull and disgusting.

As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel!

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? You uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings have breath'd out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Like you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief.
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

121 Egyptian thief: See n. 128 minion: favorite. 129 tender: cherish.

Oli. Ay me, detested! How am I beguil'd!
Vio. Who does beguile you? Who does do you wrong?
Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.
Duke. Come, away!
Oli. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.
Duke. Husband!
Oli. Ay, husband! Can he that deny?
Duke. Her husband, sirrah!
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety.
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up.
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee by thy reverence,
Here to unfold, though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.
Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthn'ned by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony;
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.
Duke. O thou dissembling club! What wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?

150 strangle thy propriety: deny your identity. 164 function: official capacity. 168 grizzle: grey (beard). case: skin.

Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest—

Oli. O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon!
Send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. Has broke my head across and has given
Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love
of God, your help! I had rather than forty
pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The Count's gentleman, one Cesario.
We took him for a coward, but he's the very
devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke
my head for nothing; and that that I did, I
was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you.
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter Sir Toby and Clown.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have
hurt me. I think you set nothing by a bloody
coxcomb. Here comes Sir Toby halting.
You shall hear more; but if he had not been

179 coxcomb: head. 185 incardinate: incarnate.

in drink, he would have tickl'd you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman! How is't with you?

Sir. To. That's all one. Has hurt me, and there's the end on't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone. His eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy measures pavin. I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dress'd together.

Sir To. Will you help?—an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*]

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you.
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A natural perspective, that is and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!

197 othergates: in another manner. 206 passy measures pavin: See n. 219 regard: look. 224 natural perspective: See n.

How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother,
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? What name? What parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline; Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too;
So went he suited to his watery tomb.
If spirits can assume both form and suit
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say, "Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!"

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had numb'red thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

228 Fear'st: doubtest. 234-5 Nor—everywhere: See n. 241 suited: dressed. 244 dimension: bodily form. 245 participate: possess like other men. 246 goes even: accords.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.
Seb. [*To Olivia.*] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook;
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.
Duke. Be not amaz'd, right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
[*To Viola.*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.
Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.
Duke. Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.
Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments. He upon some action

256 lets: prevents. 259 jump: agree. 264 occurrence: course of events. 267 See n. 272 glass: the "perspective" of l. 224. 278 orbed continent: The firmament, which holds the sun.

Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him; fetch Malvolio hither.
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown with a letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do. Has here writ a letter to you. I should have given't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [*Reads.*] "By the Lord, madam,"—

Oli. How now, art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness. An your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow Vox.

Oli. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus; therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To Fabian.*]

Fab. [*Reads.*] "By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it. Though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship.

288 extracting: distracting. 292 stave's end: arm's length. 295 skills: matters. 304 Vox: loud voice. 307 perpend: consider.

I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY-US'D MALVOLIO."

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[*Exit Fabian.*]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.
[*To Viola.*] Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand. You shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister! You are she.

Enter Malvolio [*and Fabian*].

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio!

328 proper: own. 329 apt: ready. 330 quits: releases. 331 mettle: disposition.

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.
Oli. Have I, Malvolio? No.
Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter;
You must not now deny it is your hand.
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention.
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? Tell me why.
Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character;
But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad. Then cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content,
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.
Fab. Good madam, hear me speak,

341 from it: differently. 348 lighter: of less importance. 352 geck: dupe. 359 presuppos'd: suggested. 361 practice: plot.

And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wond'red at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him. Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance,
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffl'd thee!

Clo. Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them." I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one. "By the Lord, fool, I am not mad." But do you remember? "Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? An you smile not, he's gagg'd." And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace;
He hath not told us of the captain yet.
When that is known and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;

372 importance: importunity. 375 pluck on: excite. 392 convents: suits.

But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.
Exeunt [*all, except Clown*].

Clo. [*Sings.*]
When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.
[*Exit.*]

THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR

KING LEAR

INTRODUCTION

Shakespeare's *King Lear,* it is well known, was driven off the boards for a century and more by the sentimentalized adaptation of Tate. It was re-discovered by the Romantic critics who burst out in a chorus of praise. *"Lear"* said Hazlitt "stands first for profound intensity of passion. . . . The mind of Lear is like a tall ship, driven about by the winds, buffetted by the waves, but that still rides above the storm." *"Lear"* said Coleridge "is the most tremendous effort of Shakespeare as a poet. . . . It combines length with rapidity like the hurricane or the whirlwind." "The explosions of Lear's passion" said Lamb "are terrific as a volcano." There is a common note in all these outbursts, a note that Swinburne caught and fixed when he called *King Lear* "the most elemental and primeval" of Shakespeare's works. It may not be his best play; it is in some ways his greatest work, a masterpiece of world literature, in Dowden's apt phrase "the greatest single achievement of Teutonic or Northern genius."

Text:—King Lear was first published in 1608 with the following descriptive title-page: "M. William Shakespeare: *His True Chronicle Historie of the life and death of King Lear and his three daughters.* With the unfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heire to the Earle of Gloster, and his sullen and assumed humor of Tom of Bedlam: As it was played before the King's Maiestie at Whitehall upon S. Stephans night in Christmas Hollidays. By his Maiesties servants

playing usually at the Globe on the Bancke-side London, printed for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Church-Yard at the signe of the Pide Bull neere St. Austin's Gate, 1608." This is the first Quarto, usually referred to as the Pied Bull Quarto. The publisher, it would seem, was anxious to inform would-be purchasers that he was offering them the true and genuine work of Shakespeare. As we shall see there was another play of *King Lear* on the market at that time. Nevertheless Butter did a very poor job; his quarto is said to be "the very worst specimen of the printer's craft that ever issued from the press." Some one in his office corrected the sheets as they were going through the press and corrected and uncorrected pages were bound up together with a result that of the six copies of this edition still extant no two are exactly alike. Yet this Quarto remains an invaluable treasure since it contains about three hundred genuine Shakespearian lines that are omitted in the Folio version.

Another Quarto bearing the same date also exists but it is now known that this was printed in 1619. It is a mere re-print of Q_1 with the correction of a few misprints and has no independent authority.

The final version of the play appeared in the Folio of 1623. This text omits some 300 lines found in Q_1 and adds over 100 new lines. Evidently it depends upon another source than Q_1, but strangely enough, it reproduces a number of the Quarto's patent misprints. Possibly a copy of the Quarto, inperfectly corrected by comparison with a play-house manuscript served as the "copy" furnished the printer of the Folio. The task of the modern editor is to make the best text he can out of the two versions relying in the main upon the later and more carefully printed Folio.

Date:—The date of *Lear* can be fixed within com-

paratively narrow limits. It was entered in the Stationers' Register on Nov. 26, 1607 and this entry states that it had been "played at Whitehall upon Saint Stephen's night at Christmas last," i.e. on December 26, 1606. *Lear* was therefore on the boards in the winter of 1606. On the other hand Shakespeare is known to have borrowed a number of unusual names for devils from a curious book by Harsnet; *A Declaration of Popish Impostures* which was registered in the spring of 1603. Between these dates then, the spring of 1603 and the winter of 1606 Shakespeare's play must have been composed.

The old play of King Leir:—We can probably date *King Lear* late in 1605 or early in 1606 because of its relation to another play on the subject which now calls for some attention. As far back as the spring of 1594 a play called *King Leare* was acted at the Rose Theatre. In May of that year an entry on the Stationers' Register of "The most famous chronicle history of Leare King of England and his three daughters" points to an intention to publish this play; but no edition of that date is known and it is quite possible that none was published. In 1605, however, the "Tragical history of King Leir—as it was lately acted" was entered and printed in the same year by Simon Stafford for John Wright, as the "True Chronicle History etc." The author is unknown; it may have been written by George Peele; certainly it does not imitate Shakespeare's play. On the other hand certain verbal resemblances and the close correspondence of one character (Perillus in *Leir*, Kent in *King Lear*) unknown in other versions of the story lead one to suspect that Shakespeare had read the old play, had caught at the idea of a tragedy on the subject, and drew from the earlier work certain

suggestions for his own. This would certainly be quite in Shakespeare's manner.

Source:—The source of the Lear story goes back to dim antiquity. Its earliest form seems to be that of a widely diffused folk-tale which runs about as follows: An old King asks his three daughters how much they love him; the two elder girls flatter him by extravagant professions; the youngest says simply that she loves him like salt. The King drives her away in a fit of anger, but later comes to learn the value of salt and is reconciled to her. This story makes its appearance in literature in the famous work of Geoffrey of Monmouth, *Historia Regum Britanniæ* (ca. 1135). Geoffrey, who proposed to tell the story of ancient Britain, apparently filled up the unchronicled centuries between the discovery of the isle by Brutus, great-grandson of Æneas, and the invasion of Julius Cæsar, by drawing on British folk-lore for all sorts of stories and all sorts of names which he attached to certain mythical successors of Brutus. One of these names is Lear, apparently derived from Llyr or Ler, a Celtic sea-god. Geoffrey makes him King of Britain and tells his story in great detail. He gives us the tale essentially as it appears in Shakespeare except that the tragic ending is wanting. In Geoffrey, Cordelia and her husband replace Lear on his throne where he reigns in peace until his death. Shortly thereafter the sons of Cordelia's wicked sisters throw her into prison where she commits suicide. One detail of Geoffrey's version is worth recording here —When Cordelia is asked to declare her love for Lear she replies "No daughter can love her father more than she should. I have always loved you as my father and always shall. And if you would have more, know this: you are worth whatever you have and so much do I

love you." In one form or another this answer of Cordelia's occurs in all the versions.

There are in all some fifty versions of the story. From Geoffrey it comes down through Layamon's *Brut,* to Caxton's *Chronicles of England* in the fifteenth century. It seems to have enjoyed especial popularity in the sixteenth century when the Welsh descent of the reigning Tudor dynasty directed fresh attention to Geoffrey's fabulous tales. They were not regarded as fabulous by the uncritical historians of that age and the story of Lear was retold by all the Tudor chroniclers including Shakespeare's favorite, Holinshed. The poets also retold the old story, Higgins in the *Mirror for Magistrates,* Warner in *Albion's England,* and lastly Spenser in *The Fœrie Queene* (Book II canto x). Finally during the fashion for chronicle plays in the last decades of the century it was, as we have seen, dramatized in the old play of *King Leir.*

The unknown author of this play introduces numerous changes and additions. Leir devises the love-test in order to entrap the reluctant Cordelia into a marriage with the King of Ireland, and after rejecting her gives away all his kingdom to his other daughters. A wise councilor, Perillus, warns Leir against his folly and later accompanies him in his distress: the daughters employ a murderer to kill the king, but their design is thwarted by a storm of thunder and lightning which terrifies the assassin. Cordelia is wooed by the disguised King of France and is herself disguised when she meets the outcast Leir. The play ends happily with the restoration of Leir to his throne, and there is no reference to his death and Cordelia's suicide. On the whole it is a naïve, and entertaining tragi-comic chronicle; its chief merit consists in the fact that it

seems to have suggested to Shakespeare the possibility of a dramatic version of the old tale.

Such is the history of the tale of Lear before Shakespeare. He was probably attracted to it by the publication of the old play and turned to consult other versions of the tale, for it is plain that he borrowed hints and incidents from more than one.

Shakespeare's alterations:—What changes did Shakespeare make, what new features did he introduce into his version? In the first place he has made it a tragedy. Unlike any of his predecessors Shakespeare saw the essentially tragic nature of this story of filial ingratitude. He alone makes Cordelia fail in her attempt to restore Lear and by connecting her death in prison with this failure and making it the direct cause of Lear's death, he has given the tale a tragic unity that it possesses in no other form. He is the first also to bring the wicked sisters to their violent deaths. This is not only in accordance with Elizabethan tragic convention, but serves to heighten the terror of the catastrophe. It is to add a deeper shade to the tragedy, moreover, that Shakespeare represents Lear as driven mad by the cruelty of his daughters; there is no trace of this in earlier versions and the Leir of the old play is a gentle pious character who laments his faults and begs for death. The character of the Fool, too, is original with Shakespeare. He may have created the character to afford a good part for his fellow, Arnim, (see p. 129) who had come off none too well in the plays immediately preceding, but the character and the bitter jests of the Fool add immensely to the tragic irony of the play.

Shakespeare's chief addition to the tale, however, was the story of Gloster and his two sons. This tale he found in Sidney's *Arcadia*, the most popular English romance of Shakespeare's day. Here a bastard son

of an Asian king slanders his legitimate brother to their father, who decrees his death. The son escapes and later returns to aid his father who has been driven from his throne and blinded by the bastard. The old man begs his son to lead him to a rock that he might throw himself down and end his wretched life. After this the story in the *Arcadia* diverges widely from Shakespeare, except that the old king dies, "his heart broken with unkindness and affliction."

Why did Shakespeare, contrary to his practice in his other tragedies import an under-plot into the simple and unified story of Lear and his daughters? There would seem to be two reasons. In the first place he must have realized that this story lacked some necessary element of dramatic action; the crisis comes early; after the division of the Kingdom in Act I Lear is merely a passive figure. Shakespeare felt, perhaps, that there was some danger of the tragic theme degenerating into the merely pathetic, as in the old play. Moreover if the two wicked sisters were to perish at the close of the play some agent must be invented for their taking off. If it were possible for him to introduce into the old tale an element of intrigue, of action and counter-action, its dramatic possibilities, he must have felt, would be greatly increased. And in Sidney's story Shakespeare found just this needed increment of action and intrigue. One can almost imagine him exclaiming that the *Arcadia* story was made to his hand and see him setting himself to weave it into the fabric of his play on Lear. This he has done with such skill that we feel the two to be of one piece in his play, not a divided main and minor plot.

It has, perhaps, not been sufficiently remarked that the story of Gloster and his sons is one of intrigue, that the intriguer, Edmund, is throughout an active

figure, that his fortunes rise as those of Lear fall, and that at the end, as it is he who orders Cordelia's death, so his own death makes it possible for Lear to escape from murder in the dark and die, since die he must, a free man surrounded by friends. Further Shakespeare, with admirable art, has used the person of Edmund to divide and destroy the wicked sisters.

One point alone in Shakespeare's handling of this story lies open to criticism. The intrigue of Edmund against his brother is plainly a repetition of the intrigue of Iago; one, at least of the devices employed is the same in each case. But in *Lear* Shakespeare has taken little pains to make the credulity of Gloster and the passivity of Edgar convincing or even credible. He had done this once for all in *Othello;* he could not trouble, one supposes, to do it again.

There was, however, another and more significant reason for Shakespeare's use of a double plot in *Lear.* It is plain that he took the old story far more seriously than any of the earlier tellers of the tale. *Lear,* as he planned it, was to be a tragedy of universal significance. Beginning in a clash between individuals, the father and his daughter, it was to end in the ruin of a kingdom. For such a result it may well have seemed to him that the single conflict was insufficient. The filial ingratitude of Goneril and Regan was so horrible, so extraordinary, that it might have seemed an exceptional case, one not to be taken into account in the reckoning of the evil wrought in the world by ingratitude. Let the conflict be doubled, and the effect would be more than multiplied. When the ruthless ambition of Edmund is added to the heartless ingratitude of the daughters, when Gloster is blinded and driven out to join the maddened king, when at last Edgar takes his place beside Cordelia as the champion of the right, we seem to be

spectators of a world war between the powers of Good and Evil. Nature herself seems to take part in the conflict, the storm that bursts upon the head of Lear is but another phase of a struggle that convulses the physical, as it does the moral world.

Something, no doubt, has been lost as well as gained by this re-duplication of the theme. The action has become excessively complicated; the play itself too long even for Shakespeare's stage, as is shown by the cuts in the versions that have come down to us, while the cuts perpetrated by modern managers reduce the last acts with their swift succession of scenes to a hopeless muddle. Apart from its tremendous close in one overpowering tragic scene the last two acts of *Lear* are certainly deficient in the tense and concentrated dramatic interest that marks *Hamlet* and *Othello*.

The theme:—What, then, is the theme, the central idea of this play for the sake of which Shakespeare doubled the plot and risked the loss of dramatic unity? The central idea of the old tale was one of contrast between the ingratitude of the daughters whom their father had nobly endowed and the devotion of the child that he had cast adrift. Shakespeare retains the main outline of the story, but he seizes for his theme upon its first half, filial ingratitude. The contrast remains, of course, but it is not dwelt upon. Cordelia has, after all, only a slight part in the play; in the old *Leir* she has a larger rôle. On the other hand no earlier author has laid such stress on the deliberate malignity of her sisters. This, no doubt, is because Shakespeare realized as no one else had done the profound significance of their behavior. To Shakespeare the greatest thing in the world was Love, not merely the love of man for maid, but the love of man for his country, his friend, and his household. And as Love was the greatest, so

its opposite, Hate, was to him the most terrible and destructive thing. In his first tragedy he had shown Hate embodied in the feud as the evil power that wrecked the lives of two young lovers. But here Hate was open and undisguised. It was when Hate lurked under the mask of Love and assumed such forms as treason, breach of faith, or ingratitude, that it took on its darkest shade. It is this treason that horrifies us when we contemplate the fiendish craft of Iago, for it was his own familiar friend that he deceived and ruined. Yet there was a more dreadful evil than that of Iago; the parent is bound to child, the child to parent by a straiter bond than that which unites even the dearest friends. And of these family ties none is more sacred than that which unites father and daughter. The daughter may grow up to be her mother's rival; the son may usurp his father's place as Edmund does in this play, yet the sin of Edmund does not seem so unnatural as that of Goneril and Regan, for between father and daughter in the normal world there can never be a cause for jealousy or strife. In the tale of Lear, however, it is the daughter grown strong who turns upon an old father who had stripped himself to strengthen her. She forgets the ties of blood, tramples upon the deep maternal instinct which leads the woman to protect the weak, and strikes the old man down with blow on blow to shame, to suffering and at last to madness. We recoil before the spectacle as before some breach in the laws of nature. When such things happen, Shakespeare seems to say, Chaos is come again, and in none of his other tragedies do we get such an impression of the world reeling back into the abysm, torn and shattered by the storm of passions which the breaking of the filial bond has unloosed. It is this im-

pression which gives to *Lear* its peculiar, its universal, one might say, its symbolical significance.

Characters:—Yet if the play taken as a whole has a symbolical significance, the characters are anything but types and symbols; they are sharply individualized and living persons. Lear himself is not simply the father; he is a king before he is a father, in fact it is not till he ceases to be the king that he becomes the father. Goneril and Regan might seem at first mere types of filial ingratitude, but a closer glance shows how carefully Shakespeare has discriminated between the cold determined ruthlessness of Goneril and the passionate savagery of the weaker Regan. And the hateful daughters stand in sharp contrast to the wicked son who hates nobody and walks light-heartedly along a path of treachery and blood. Cordelia herself is far from being merely the good daughter of the old tale; she is Cordelia, King Lear's own daughter, with something of her father's pride and obstinacy, and with more than her father's need of love and power of loving. Edgar is something more than the male counterpart of Cordelia; he has nothing of her pride, little of her emotional nature. Cordelia sees through the hypocrisy of her sisters; Edgar is incredibly blind to his brother's treachery. It is only adversity that shakes him out of his ignorance of evil and drills him into a kind of active stoicism. Kent, too, with his rough honesty, his quick and fearless temper, his dog-like devotion to his unjust master, and his adoration of Cordelia—"kind and good princess"—is one of Shakespeare's great creations. And so it is with all the persons in the play down to the wretched Oswald and the shuddering servants who dress the bleeding eyes of Gloster; they are not types, but living people.

Character and destiny:—It is characteristic of Shakespeare, moreover, that all the action of the play,

symbolic as it may be, springs from and is determined by the character of the persons involved. *Lear* is no drama of an external fate falling intolerably upon the head of some fore-doomed mortal. It is Lear himself who brings about the tragedy of *Lear*. His tragic fault, to use a well-worn phrase, lies in an absorbing self-will that blinds him to all the world, but himself. He has been a king for half a century and more—Geoffrey says that he had ruled *viriliter* for sixty years—and has become so accustomed to the idea of prompt and terrified obedience—"When I do stare, see how the subject quakes"—that all opposition to his will seems to him a crime little short of treason. Hence the rejection of Cordelia and the banishment of Kent.

Yet Lear is not bad at heart. His fatal scheme of a division of his kingdom following upon a public declaration of his daughters' love, sprang from folly rather than from pride. He had a genuine affection for his children and a real desire to be assured of their love and gratitude; but his absorption in self led him to demand a public parade of their feelings without a thought of how it might affect them. His blindness to the flattery of the elder sisters, and his misunderstanding of Cordelia are due to this self-centeredness which cut him off from all the outside world—the common misfortune of the autocrat—and his autocratic anger at opposition completes the tragic crash of the first scene, one of the greatest that Shakespeare ever wrote.

The redemption of Lear:—The rest of the play deals with the consequences of this scene. So far as the main character is concerned it might be called, not the tragedy, but the redemption of King Lear. It is not at once that the process begins. In the scene at Goneril's court Lear is still his arbitrary and choleric self. His

position there was difficult; his own behaviour makes it impossible, yet at the first sign of opposition he breaks out into a tremendous curse, quite disproportioned to his daughter's offense, and threatens to recall his grant of power (I, iv, 330–332). At Regan's the sight of his servant in the stocks completely confounds him and he tries to beat down the brutal reality by vehement asseveration of its impossibility. His amazement when Gloster begs him to consider "the fiery quality of the Duke" would be ludicrous if it were not tragic. Yet it is in this scene that Lear for the first time begins to take account of others in his hesitating attempt to find some excuse for Cornwall's discourtesy. It is not until he is rejected by both daughters and driven out into the storm that the real change in Lear begins. Paradoxically it is only when he is drifting down to madness that he comes to know himself, since under the stress of mental and physical suffering the old self-will which had so long blinded him to reality is beginning to give way. Lear's redemption is not wholly accomplished until his re-union with Cordelia. Then at last he throws off forever the kingly robe of pride and self-will and appears the simple man, owning his weakness, begging forgiveness, and asking for nothing in the world but his daughter's love. Here in the mind of sentimentalists the play should end. But Shakespeare's tragedy is made of sterner stuff. Lear has learned his lesson, but too late for this life. The powers of evil which his pride and folly had unloosed exhaust themselves in a final effort and Cordelia lies dead in his arms. There is an outburst of agony, the most tragic in all literature, and Lear passes away. Cordelia and he are reunited in death and behind that veil Shakespeare did not dare to peer.

Meanwhile the same determinant of character is

driving the evil-doers to their doom. Goneril and Regan are the inheritors of their father's self-will and passionate temper. It may be that they did not contemplate at first the extremities to which they finally proceed. But when Lear's power passes into their hands, they use it in his own arbitrary fashion and his amazed resistance only hardens their determination. It is not until they learn of Lear's intention to resume his power, and of the threatened intervention of France in his behalf that they break out into Lear's own furious anger, mixed in their case with a ferocity that he had never shown. This is due, perhaps, to fear, which he had never felt—no one is so cruel as a coward—and the difference between Lear's banishment of Kent and their blinding of Gloster marks the depth to which they have sunk. Finally Shakespeare adds a touch not found in his sources. Each of the sisters lusts after her fitting mate, the young and daring Edmund. It is not love that they feel, but an instinctive apprehension of their affinity in evil with this unscrupulous adventurer; and this corruption of the best leads them inevitably to the worst, to mutual distrust, murder and self-destruction.

Atmosphere:—In no other play of Shakespeare's is the power of evil shown as an element of such tremendous force and such utter ruthlessness. Evil in *Othello* works in the dark; once exposed it is crushed at a blow like some small and deadly snake. Evil in *King Lear* is naked and unashamed; it rages like some convulsion in nature and bears down all before it like a devastating flood. It is for this reason, no doubt, that Shakespeare has set the scene of this great symbolic tragedy far back in a mythical age. *Lear* is a tale of old, unhappy far-off things; but it is some thing more. There were giants, we are told, before the Flood, and the figures in this play are gigantic, at times monstrous.

They are pagans who swear by Jove and Juno, for it is a curious fact that the name of God occurs but once in the play (V, iii, 17 and here the true reading is probably the plural, as in 1, 21 below). There is reference enough to the gods, to fate, to over-ruling stars, but there is no trace of any real religious belief. The contrast with *Hamlet* is startling. The story of *Hamlet* like that of *Lear* goes back to barbaric heathen times; but Shakespeare made the hero of that play a Christian prince surrounded by all the culture of the Renaissance. Hamlet is an Elizabethan gentleman; Lear is a figure evoked from the barbaric past. Such a dreadful scene as the blinding of Gloster would be quite out of place in *Hamlet;* it is altogether in keeping with the atmosphere of *Lear.* It is as if Shakespeare had wished to show us here humanity in the raw, stripped of its veneer of civilization, unsoftened by the influence of a religion of pity.

Final impression:—The final impression left by *King Lear* is that of a tremendous, awe-inspiring creation of genius. The last scene is incomparable—"Is this the image of the promised end?"—there are no other words so fit. It is futile to dwell on the inconsistencies and improbabilities of such a work; it is equally vain to ask for the lesson of *King Lear.* Shakespeare had something better to do when he wrote this play than to preach a sermon; he was concerned with something more profound than the distribution of poetical justice. Yet there is in *Lear* as in his other tragedies a recurring note, an undertone, that seems to reveal Shakespeare's intention, his outlook on the world. What is this outlook?

A recent poet critic has called it one of tragic fatalism, "over a world full of death and life without resting place or guidance." If this were true *King Lear* would be the expression of a dark and hopeless pessimism; but

is it true in fact? Certainly when Shakespeare wrote this play he was possessed, obsessed perhaps, with his conception of the monstrous power of evil. But, after all, this evil is a transient power; it rages, but it passes, like a storm. At the close of the play the wicked daughters and Edmund are gone; they have destroyed, not only others, but themselves. Shakespeare's conception of this power of evil seems to be that it is not only transient, but in its very nature self-destructive. The lesson of *Lear*, if we must seek for a lesson, may be told in the words of Milton:

> Evil on itself shall back recoil,
> And mix no more with goodness, when at last
> Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
> It shall be in eternal restless change
> Self-fed, and self-consumed.

Not only so but in this great revelation of the roots and springs of human life, Evil actually begets and fosters good. The hypocrisy of her sisters calls forth the sincerity of Cordelia; their cruelty, her redeeming love. Without the treachery of Edmund we could not have the fidelity and fortitude of Edgar. The pathetic devotion of the Fool to his master is most apparent when that master has been driven out into the storm by the evil rulers of his world. Kent's cry for justice is provoked by the blind injustice of the King. Even in the minor characters this holds good; the old servant of Cornwall dies in protest against the savage cruelty of his lord, and the weak Albany rises into manhood when he discerns the demon hidden beneath the face of the woman who had bewitched him. It is not pessimism, this outlook of Shakespeare's in *King Lear*. The night is black, but it is lit with stars which night alone reveals.

THE TRADEGY OF KING LEAR

[Dramatis Personæ

Lear, King of Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Kent.
Earl of Gloucester.
Edgar, son to Gloucester.
Edmund, bastard son to Gloucester.
Curan, a courtier.
Old Man, tenant to Gloucester.
Doctor.
Fool.
Oswald, steward to Goneril.
A Captain employed by Edmund.
Gentleman attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.

Goneril,
Regan,
Cordelia, } daughters to Lear.

Knights of Lear's train, Captains, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene: *Britain*]

Act First

SCENE I

[King Lear's palace.]

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmund.

Kent. I thought the King had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glou. It did always seem so to us; but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the Dukes he values most; for qualities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glou. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge. I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glou. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-womb'd, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glou. But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some

1 affected: favored. 6 curiosity: careful investigation. 7 moiety: share. 11 braz'd: hardened.

year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account. Though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glou. My Lord of Kent. Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glou. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The King is coming.

Sennet. Enter one bearing a coronet, then King Lear, then the Dukes of Albany and Cornwall, next Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, with followers.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.

Glou. I shall, my lord.

Exeunt [*Gloucester and Edmund*].

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the map there. Know that we have divided
In three our kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife

34 out: out of the country. 38 darker: more secret.

May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my daughters,—
Since now we will divest us both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,—
Which of you shall we say doth love us most,
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge? Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than word can wield the matter;
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable:
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. [*Aside.*] What shall Cordelia speak? Love and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's issues
Be this perpetual. What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short, that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys

52 Interest: possession. 55 See n. 66 champains: open country. 71 self: same. 72 prize me: estimate myself.

Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear Highness' love.

Cor. [*Aside.*] Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More ponderous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril. Now, our joy,
Although our last and least, to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interess'd, what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing!

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing. Speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth. I love your Majesty
According to my bond; no more nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia! Mend your speech a little,
Lest you may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit;
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.

76 square of sense: sense in its perfection. 77 felicitate: made happy. 83 validity: value. 86 milk: pastures. 87 interess'd: have a claim to. 95 bond: obligation. 103 plight: pledge.

Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters
To love my father all.
Lear. But goes thy heart with this?
Cor. Ay, my good lord.
Lear. So young, and so untender?
Cor. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so; thy truth, then, be thy dower!
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.
Kent. Good my liege,—
Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. [*To Cor.*] Hence, and avoid my sight!—
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her! Call France.—Who stirs?
Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third;

112 Hecate: goddess of the infernal regions. 113 operation: influence. 116 property: identity. 126 nursery: nursing, tender care.

Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turn. Only we shall retain
The name, and all the addition to a king;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours; which to confirm,
This coronet part between you.

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn; make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?
Thinkst thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,
When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness. Answer my life my judgement,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sounds
Reverb no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more,

131 plainness: frankness. 138 addition: title. 151 Reserve thy state: retain thy power. 156 Reverb: reverberate.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thy enemies, ne'er fear to lose it.
Thy safety being motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Alb. } Dear sir, forbear.
Corn. }

Kent. Kill thy physician, and thy fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance, hear me!
That thou hast sought to make us break our vows,
Which we durst never yet, and with strain'd pride
To come betwixt our sentences and our power,
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from disasters of the world;
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom. If, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king! Sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.

161 blank: white center of target. 171 strain'd: excessive. 182 Sith: since.

[*To Cordelia.*] The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!
[*To Regan and Goneril.*] And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love.
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new.
Exit.

Flourish. Re-enter Gloucester, with France, Burgundy, and Attendants.

Glou. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.
Lear. My Lord of Burgundy,
We first address toward you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter. What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?
Bur. Most royal Majesty,
I crave no more than what your Highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.
Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fallen. Sir, there she stands:
If aught within that little-seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
She's there, and she is yours.
Bur. I know no answer.
Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

186 approve: justify. 197 tender: offer. 201 piec'd: increased. 204 owes: owns.

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up in such conditions.
Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. [*To France.*] For you, great king,
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom Nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.
France. This is most strange,
That she, whom even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fallen into taint; which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.
Cor. I yet beseech your Majesty,—
If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak,—that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonoured step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour;
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue

208 Election—up: I will not choose her. 217 argument: subject. 222 monsters: makes monstrous. 223 taint: reproach.

That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born than not to have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this,—a tardiness in nature
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do? My Lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards that stands
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal king,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing. I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respect and fortunes are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich being poor,
Most choice forsaken, and most lov'd despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon,
Be it lawful I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France.
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy

241 regards: considerations. 242 entire: essential, pure.

Can buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind;
Thou losest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France. Let her be thine; for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again.—[*To Cor.*] Therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

Flourish. Exeunt [*all but France, Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia*].

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you. I know you what you are;
And like a sister am most loath to call
Your faults as they are named. Love well our father,
To your professed bosoms I commit him;
But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So, farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duty.

Gon. Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides;
Who covers faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

Exeunt [*France and Cordelia*].

Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say of what

261 unpriz'd: probably priceless. 263 where: place. 267 benison: blessing. 270 wash'd: tearful. 274 bosoms: affections. 280 scanted: begrudged. 281 See n. 282 plighted: folded.

most nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little. He always lov'd our sister most; and with what poor judgement he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look from his age to receive not alone the imperfections of long-engraffed condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together; if our father carry authority with such disposition as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat.

Exeunt.

297 time: life. 300 condition: disposition. 303 starts: sudden impulses. 307 hit: agree.

SCENE II

[*The Earl of Gloucester's castle.*]

Enter Bastard [*Edmund with a letter*].

Edm. Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well, then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land.
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to the legitimate. Fine word, "legitimate"!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall to the legitimate. I grow; I prosper.
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter Gloucester

Glou. Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted!

3 plague: calamity. 4 curiosity: scruples. 6 Lag of: behind. 12 more composition: a fuller blending. 19 speed: succeed. 21 See n.

And the King gone to-night! subscrib'd his power!
Confin'd to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad! Edmund, how now! what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.
[*Putting up the letter.*]

Glou. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glou. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glou. No? What needed, then, that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? The quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see. Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me. It is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'erread; and for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

Glou. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glou. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glou. [*Reads.*] "This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath

24 subscrib'd: surrendered. 25 exhibition: allowance, pension. 26 gad: spur. 47 essay: trial. 48 policy and reverence: policy of reverencing. 50 times: lives. 52 fond: foolish.

power, but as it is suffer'd. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half this revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDGAR." Hum—conspiracy!—"Sleep till I wake him, you should enjoy half his revenue!"—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glou. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glou. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glou. Has he never before sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord; but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declin'd, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glou. O villain, villain! His very opinion in the letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against

67 character: handwriting.

my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glou. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glou. He cannot be such a monster—

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glou. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth. Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you. Frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glou. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us. Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourg'd by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, dis-

90 where: whereas. 95 feel: test. 96 pretence of danger: dangerous intention. 107 wind—him: worm your way into his confidence. 109 unstate: dispossess. due resolution: proper certainty. 114 wisdom of nature: physical science.

cord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd 'twist son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the King falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time; machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banish'd! his offence, honesty! 'Tis strange.

Exit.

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—often the surfeits of our own behaviour,—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars, as if we were villains on necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforc'd obedience of planetary influence, and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *Ursa major;* so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. Fut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

122 bias of nature: natural inclination. 136 treachers: traitors. spherical predominance: planetary influence.

Enter Edgar.

and pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy. My cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! *fa, sol, la, mi.*

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! what serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word nor countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him; and at my entreaty forbear his presence until some little time hath quali-

150 Bedlam: Bethlehem Hospital for lunatics. 151 divisions: pun on the musical term "modulation." 163 diffidences: suspicions. 166 sectary astronomical: devotee of astrology. 177 qualified: assuaged.

fied the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray ye, go; there's my key. If you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you. I have told you what I have seen and heard; but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business. *Exit Edgar.*
A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy. I see the business.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit.
Exit.

SCENE III

[*The Duke of Albany's palace.*]

Enter Goneril, and [*Oswald, her*] *Steward.*

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his Fool?

179 mischief: harm. 182 continent: temperate. 192 image and horror: horrible image.

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other
That sets us all at odds. I'll not endure it.
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say I am sick.
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Osw. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question.
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away! Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again, and must be us'd
With checks as flatteries, when they are seen abus'd.
Remember what I have said.

Osw. Well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you,
What grows of it, no matter. Advise your fellows so.
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak. I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course. Prepare for dinner.

Exeunt.

13 question: discussion. 20 checks—abused: See n.

SCENE IV

[*A hall in the same.*]

Enter Kent [*disguised*].

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech defuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness. Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, [*Knights*] *and Attendants.*

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go get it ready. [*Exit an attendant.*] How now! what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise and says little; to fear judgement; to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the King.

2 defuse: confuse, disguise. 4 raz'd: erased. 8 stay: wait. 12 what—profess: what is your profession. 18 to eat no fish: to be a Protestant.

Lear. If thou be'st as poor for a subject as he's for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly. That which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for anything. I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me. If I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner! Where's my knave? my Fool? Go you, and call my Fool hither. [*Exit an attendant.*]

Enter Steward [*Oswald*].

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Osw. So please you,— *Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clot-poll back. [*Exit a knight.*] Where's my Fool, ho? I think the world's asleep.

50 clot-poll: blockhead.

[*Re-enter Knight.*]

How now! where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgement, your Highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont. There's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the Duke himself also and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your Highness wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but rememb'rest me of mine own conception. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness. I will look further into't. But where's my Fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the Fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well. Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with

75 jealous curiosity: suspicious attentiveness. very pretence: real plan.

her. [*Exit an attendant.*] Go you, call hither my Fool.

[*Exit an attendant.*]

Re-enter Steward [*Oswald*].

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir. Who am I, sir?

Osw. My lady's father.

Lear. "My lady's father"! My lord's knave! You whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Osw. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [*Striking him.*]

Osw. I'll not be strucken, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripp'd neither, you base foot-ball player. [*Tripping up his heels.*]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow. Thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences. Away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away! go to. Have you wisdom? So.

[*Pushes Oswald out.*]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee. There's earnest of thy service.

[*Giving Kent money.*]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too; here's my coxcomb. [*Offering Kent his cap.*]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

104 earnest: advance wages.

Kent. Why, Fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that's out of favour. Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly. There, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banish'd two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb,—How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when Lady the brach may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

115 on's: of his. 117 nuncle: mine uncle. 125 brach: bitch. 133 owest: ownest. 135 trowest: believest. 136 Set—throwest: stake less than you win at a throw.

Kent. This is nothing, Fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. [*To Kent.*] Prithee, tell him so much the rent of his land comes to. He will not believe a Fool.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord that counsell'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,
Do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't. And ladies, too, they will not let me have all the fool to myself; they'll be snatching. Nuncle, give me an egg, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg.

When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gav'st away both parts, thou bor'st thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt. Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'st thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

"Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;
For wise men are grown foppish,
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish."

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gav'st them the rod, and puttest down thine own breeches,

"Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among."

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy Fool to lie. I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are. They'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and sometimes I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a Fool; and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle. Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter Goneril.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now; I am a Fool, thou art nothing. [*To Gon.*] Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

"He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,
Weary of all, shall want some."

[*Pointing to Lear.*] That's a sheal'd peascod.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd Fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself, too, late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For, you know, nuncle,

"The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,

207 frontlet: frown. 219 sheal'd: shelled. 227 put it on: encourage it. 228 allowance: approval. 230 tender: care. weal: commonwealth.

That it had it head bit off by it young."
So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.
Lear. Are you our daughter?
Gon. Come, sir
I would you would make use of your good wisdom,
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
These dispositions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.
Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? Whoop, Jug! I love thee.
Lear. Doth any here know me? This is not Lear.
Doth Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargied—Ha! waking? 'Tis not so.
Who is it that can tell me who I am?
Fool. Lear's shadow.
Lear. I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.
Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.
Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?
Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o' the savour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright.
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn. Epicurism and lust
Makes it more like a tavern or a brothel
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak

241 fraught: stored. 248 notion: mind. 257 admiration: astonishment. 262 debosh'd: debauched.

For instant remedy. Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainders, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!
Saddle my horses; call my train together!
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents!—O, sir, are you come?
Is it your will? Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.—
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. [*To Gon.*] Detested kite! thou liest.
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name. O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,
[*Striking his head.*]
And thy dear judgement out! Go, go, my people.

269 disquantity: cut down. 270 depend: be dependent. 271 besort: befit. 287 worships: honour. 289 engine: the rack.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.
Lear. It may be so, my lord.
Hear, Nature! hear, dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase,
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen, that it may live
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks,
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt, that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away, away! *Exit.*
Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?
Gon. Never afflict yourself to know more of it;
But let his disposition have that scope
As dotage gives it.

Re-enter Lear.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap!
Within a fortnight!
Alb. What's the matter, sir?
Lear. I'll tell thee. [*To Gon.*] Life and death! I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood, thus;

301 derogate: corrupt. 304 thwart: perverse. 306 cadent: falling.

That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon thee!
The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast you, with the waters that you loose,
To temper clay. Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so: I have another daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable.
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolvish visage. Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever. Thou shalt, I warrant thee.

Exeunt [*Lear, Kent, and attendants*].

Gon. Do you mark that?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
[*To the Fool.*] You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry! Take the Fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter.
So the Fool follows after. *Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counsel,—a hundred knights!
'Tis politic and safe to let him keep

321 untented: incurable. 327 comfortable: comforting.

At point a hundred knights; yes, that, on every dream,
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy. Oswald, I say!
Alb. Well, you may fear too far.
Gon. Safer than trust too far.
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart.
What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister.
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness,—

Re-enter Steward [*Oswald*].

How now, Oswald!
What, have you writ that letter to my sister?
Osw. Ay, madam.
Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse.
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own
As may compact it more. Get you gone;
And hasten your return. [*Exit Oswald.*] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness and course of yours
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more at task for want of wisdom
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.
Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell.
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.
Gon. Nay, then—
Alb. Well, well; the event. *Exeunt.*

346 at point: in readiness. 361 compact: confirm. 365 at task: blamed.

SCENE V

[*Court before the same.*]

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloucester with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with anything you know than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. *Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brains were in's heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canst tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

9 kibes: chilblains. 15 kindly: 1) gently 2) after her kind.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put's head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature. So kind a father! Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no moe than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed. Thou wouldst make a good Fool.

Lear. To take't again perforce! Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my Fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!

[*Enter Gentleman.*]

How now! are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. *Exeunt.*

37 seven stars: the Pleiades.

Act Second

scene i

[*The Earl of Gloucester's castle.*]

Enter Bastard [*Edmund*] *and Curan, severally.*

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I. Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir. *Exit.*

Edm. The Duke be here to-night? The better! best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business.
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queasy question,
Which I must act. Briefness and fortune, work!

Enter Edgar.

Brother, a word; descend. Brother, I say!
My father watches; O sir, fly this place;

9 ear-kissing: whispered. 11 toward: in prospect. 19 of a queasy question: to be treated with great care.

Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night.
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither, now, i' the night, i' the haste,
And Regan with him. Have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming. Pardon me,
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you.
Draw; seem to defend yourself; now quit you well.
Yield! Come before my father. Light, ho, here!—
Fly, brother.—Torches, torches!—So, farewell.
Exit Edgar.
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm.*]
Of my more fierce endeavour. I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father, father!—
Stop, stop!—No help?

Enter Gloucester, and Servants with torches.

Glou. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand auspicious mistress,—

Glou. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glou. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glou. Pursue him, ho! Go after. [*Exeunt some servants.*] By no means what?

35 beget: create. 36 drunkards—sport: See n.

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all the thunder bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father; sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, latch'd mine arm;
And when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glou. Let him fly far.
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found,—dispatch. The noble Duke my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night.
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him; he replied,
"Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No! what I should deny,—
As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character,—I'd turn it all

52 in fell motion: with a fierce thrust. 54 latch'd: lanced. 57 gasted: frightened. 61 arch: master. 67 pight: determined. 69 unpossessing: incapable of inheriting. 72 faith'd: credited.

To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice;
And thou must make a dullard of the world
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it."

Glou. O strange and fast'ned villain!
Would he deny his letter? I never got him.
Tucket within.
Hark, the Duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes.
All ports I'll bar, the villain shall not scape;
The Duke must grant me that. Besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since I came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

Glou. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glou. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tended upon my father?

Glou. I know not, madam. 'Tis too bad, too bad.

79 fast'ned: hardened. 82 ports: gates. 87 capable: able to inherit.

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.
Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill affected:
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expense and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.
Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.
Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.
Glou. He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.
Corn. Is he pursued?
Glou. Ay, my good lord.
Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm. Make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please. For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours.
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.
Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.
Glou. For him I thank your Grace.
Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—
Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-ey'd night?
Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some poise,
Wherein we must have use of your advice.
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,

99 consort: fellowship. 108 child-like: filial. 109 bewray: betray, disclose. 122 poise: weight, importance.

Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which craves the instant use.

Glou. I serve you, madam.
Your Graces are right welcome. 131

Exeunt. Flourish.

SCENE II

[*Before Gloucester's castle.*]

Enter Kent and Steward [*Oswald*], *severally.*

Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend. Art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Osw. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Osw. Prithee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Osw. Why, then, I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me. 10

Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Osw. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stock-

126 from: away from. 9 Lipsbury pinfold: probably a proverbial phrase, meaning unknown.

ing knave; a lily-livered, action-taking, whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch; one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deni'st the least syllable of thy addition.

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee!

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee before the King? Draw, you rogue; for, though it be night, yet the moon shines. I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger! Draw!

[*Drawing his sword.*]

Osw. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal! You come with letters against the King; and take Vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks,—draw, you rascal! Come your ways.

Osw. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave! Stand, rogue, stand! You neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*]

Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!

18 action-taking: given to law-suits. 19 glass-gazing: vain. superserviceable: over-officious. 34 sop o' the moonshine: See n. 36 barber-monger: patron of barber-shops. 39 Vanity: See n. 41 carbonado: slash.

Enter Bastard [Edmund] with his rapier drawn, Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, and Servants.

Edm. How now! What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please. Come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young master.

Glou. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives!
He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the King.

Corn. What is your difference? Speak.

Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, Nature disclaims in thee. A tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow. A tailor make a man?

Kent. A tailor, sir. A stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two years o' the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd at suit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter! My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

59 disclaims in: disowns. 69 zed: z. 71 unbolted: coarse, lit., unsifted. 72 a jakes: a privy.

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain
Which are too intrinse to unloose; smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebel;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum Plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glou. How fell you out? Say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb

81 intrinse: intricate. 84 Renege: deny. halcyon: kingfisher, supposed, if hung by the neck, to turn with the wind. 89 Sarum: Salisbury. 103 constrains the garb: forces the assumed manner.

Quite from his nature. He cannot flatter, he;
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth!
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly ducking observants
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer. He that beguil'd you in a plain accent was a plain knave; which for my part I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to't.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Osw. I never gave him any.
It pleas'd the King his master very late
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, compact, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man
That 't worthied him, got praises of the King
For him attempting who was self-subdued;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.

109 observants: courtiers. 125 compact: joined, leagued with. 128 worthied: made him appear worthy. 130 fleshment: first taste.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn.
Call not your stocks for me; I serve the King,
On whose employment I was sent to you.
You shall do small respects, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks! As I have life and honour,
There shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! Till night, my lord; and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

Stocks brought out.

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away the stocks!

Glou. Let me beseech your Grace not to do so.
His fault is much, and the good King his master
Will check him for't. Your purpos'd low correction
Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches
For pilferings and most common trespasses
Are punish'd with. The King must take it ill
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrained.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs.

[*Kent is put in the stocks.*]

Come, my good lord, away.

Exeunt [*all but Gloucester and Kent*].

Glou. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the Duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd. I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir. I have watch'd and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.
Give you good morrow!

Glou. The Duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken. *Exit.*

Kent. Good King, that must approve the common saw,
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter! Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery. I know 'tis from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; [*reads*] "—and shall find time
From this enormous state—seeking to give
Losses their remedies."—All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good-night! Smile once more; turn thy wheel! *Sleeps.*

161 rubb'd: hindered, interfered with. 167 approve: prove true. 168 Thou—sun: "from better to worse." 175 "—and—remedies": See n. 176 enormous state: disordered kingdom.

SCENE III

[*The same.*]

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place
That guard and most unusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape
I will preserve myself, and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast. My face I'll grime with filth,
Blanket my loins, elf all my hairs in knots,
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometimes with lunatic bans, sometimes with prayers,
Enforce their charity. Poor Turlygod! poor Tom!
That's something yet. Edgar I nothing am. *Exit.*

5 attend my taking: wait to seize me. 10 elf: tangle. 17 object: appearance. 18 pelting: paltry. 19 bans: curses.

SCENE IV

[*The same.*]

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman. [*Kent in the stocks.*]

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messengers.
Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.
Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!
Lear. Ha!
Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?
Kent. No, my lord.
Fool. Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters. Horses are tied by the heads, dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs. When a man's over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.
Lear. What's he that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?
Kent. It is both he and she;
Your son and daughter.
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No, I say.
Kent. I say, yea.
Lear. No, no, they would not.
Kent. Yes, they have.
Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.
Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

7 cruel: pun on crewel, i.e., worsted. 11 nether-stocks: stockings.

Lear. They durst not do't;
They could not, would not do't. 'Tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage.
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read. On those contents,
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,—
Being the very fellow which of late
Display'd so saucily against your Highness,—
Having more man than wit about me, drew.
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
the shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.

"Fathers that wear rags
Do make their children blind;

24 upon respect: deliberately. 33 spite of intermission: in spite of interrupting me. 35 meiny: household.

But fathers that bear bags
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor."

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!
Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not;
Stay here. *Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence but what you speak of?

Kent. None.
How chance the King comes with so small a number?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou'dst well deserv'd it.

Kent. Why, Fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i' the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following; but the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again; I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

54 dolours: pun on dollars. 56 mother: hysterical passion, a disease.

"That sir which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the Fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly.
The knave turns fool that runs away;
The Fool no knave, perdy."

Re-enter Lear and Gloucester.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, Fool.

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? They are weary?
They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.

Glou. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke;
How unremovable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!
"Fiery"? What "quality"? Why, Gloucester, Gloucester,
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

Glou. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. "Inform'd" them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glou. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The King would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service.

89 deny: refuse. 90 fetches: tricks. 91 images: signs. flying off: desertion.

Are they "inform'd" of this? My breath and blood!
"Fiery"? The fiery duke? Tell the hot duke that—
No, but not yet; may be he is not well.
Infirmity doth still neglect all office
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore [*Looking on Kent.*]
Should he sit here? This act persuades me
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
Go tell the Duke and 's wife I'd speak with them,
Now, presently. Bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum
Till it cry sleep to death.

Glou. I would have all well betwixt you.

Exit.

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart! But, down!

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive; she knapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, "Down, wantons, down!" 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

107 office: duty. 111 more headier: over-impetuous. 115 remotion: removal. 120 cry sleep to death: murder sleep. 123 cockney: a squeamish, affected woman. 125 knapp'd: rapped.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.
Corn. Hail to your Grace!
Kent is set at liberty.
Reg. I am glad to see your Highness.
Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so. If thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adulteress. [*To Kent.*] O, are
you free?
Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught. O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here.
[*Points to his heart.*]
I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe
With how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!
Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope
You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty.
Lear. Say, how is that?
Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation. If, sir, perchance
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.
Lear. My curses on her!
Reg. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine. You should be rul'd and led
By some discretion that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,

136 naught: worthless. 139 quality: manner. 141-2 'You know less how to value her worth than she knows how to be remiss in her duty toward you.' 150 confine: assigned limit.

That to our sister you do make return;
Say you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
[*Kneeling.*]
Age is unnecessary. On my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks.
Return you to my sister.

Lear. [*Rising.*] Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, sir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest gods! so will you wish on me,
When the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse.
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness. Her eyes are fierce; but thine
Do comfort and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,

155 house: royal family. 157 unnecessary: not wanted. 165 top: head. young bones: unborn progeny. 166 taking: malignant, infectious. 170 fall: cause to fall, overthrow. 174 tender-hefted: delicately framed.

To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And in conclusion to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in. Thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude.
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.
Tucket within.

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

Enter Steward [Oswald].

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't; my sister's. This approves her letter,
That she would soon be here. [*To Oswald.*] Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave whose easy-borrowed pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your Grace?

Enter Goneril.

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on't. Who comes here? O heavens,
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if you yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!
[*To Gon.*] Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?
O Regan, will you take her by the hand?

178 sizes: allowances. 182 effects: manifestations. 194 Allow: approve of.

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so.
Lear. O sides, you are too tough;
Will you yet hold? How came my man i' the stocks?
Corn. I set him there, sir; but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.
Lear. You! did you?
Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me.
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd!
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch. Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot. Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Pointing at Oswald.*]
Gon. At your choice, sir.
Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell!
We'll no more meet, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,

212 Wage: contend. 219 sumpter: drudge (lit. pack-horse).

Which I must needs call mine; thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it.
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure.
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir. What, fifty followers!
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack ye,
We could control them. If you will come to me,—
For now I spy a danger—I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all.

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

227 embossed: swollen. 242 charge: expense. 248 slack: neglect.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be followed
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan? Said you so?
Reg. And speak't again, my lord; no more with me.
Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd
When others are more wicked; not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise. [*To Gon.*] I'll go with thee.
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.
Hear me, my lord:
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?
Reg. What need one?
Lear. O, reason not the need! Our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous.
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stirs these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,

278 **fool**: make a fool of.

I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall
be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep:
No, I'll not weep.
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Storm and tempest.
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep. O, Fool! I shall go mad!
Exeunt Lear, Gloucester, Kent, and Fool.

Corn. Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm.
Reg. This house is little; the old man and 's people
Cannot be well bestow'd.
Gon. 'Tis his own blame; hath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.
Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.
Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my Lord of Gloucester?

Re-enter Gloucester.

Corn. Followed the old man forth. He is return'd.
Glou. The King is in high rage.
Corn. Whither is he going?
Glou. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.
Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.
Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.
Glou. Alack, the night comes on, and the high winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.
Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure

288 flaws: fragments. 295 For his particular: as to him alone. 304 ruffle: bluster.

Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors.
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.
Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night:
My Regan counsels well. Come out o' the storm.
Exeunt.

Act Third

scene i

[*The open country near Gloucester's castle.*]

Storm still. Enter Kent and a Gentleman, severally.

Kent. Who's there, besides foul weather?
Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.
Kent. I know you. Where's the King?
Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease; tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.
Kent. But who is with him?

6 main: main-land. 12 cub-drawn: sucked dry, ravenous.

Gent. None but the Fool; who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.
Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it is cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have—as who have not, that their great stars
Thron'd and set high?—servants, who seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the Dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king, or something deeper,
Whereof perchance these are but furnishings;
But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scattered kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner. Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The King hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.
Gent. I will talk further with you.

18 note: information. 19 dear: important. 24 speculations: observers. 26 snuffs: quarrels. packings: plottings. 39 plain: complain.

Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,—
As fear not but you shall,—show her this ring;
And she will tell you who that fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the King.
Gent. Give me your hand. Have you no more to say?
Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the King,—in which your pain
That way, I'll this,—he that first lights on him
Holla the other. *Exeunt* [*severally*].

SCENE II

[*The same.*] *Storm still.*

Enter Lear and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! Rage! Blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That makes ingrateful man!

45 out-wall: exterior. 52 to effect: in importance. 53 pain: laborious search. 3 cocks: weather-cocks. 4 thought-executing: with the speed of thought. 5 Vaunt-couriers: fore-runners. 8 germens: seeds.

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in; ask thy daughters' blessing. Here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! Spout, rain! Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters. I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness; I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children; You owe me no subscription. Then let fall Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand, your slave, A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man; But yet I call you servile ministers, That will with two pernicious daughters join Your high engender'd battles 'gainst a head So old and white as this. Oh! Oh! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put 's head in has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience; I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

10 court holy-water: flattery. 18 subscription: allegiance. 27 cod-piece: part of man's dress—here used for man himself. 31-34 See n.

Fool. Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece; that's a wise man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? Things that love night
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry
The affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice! Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue
That art incestuous! Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Has practis'd on man's life! Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest.
Repose you there; while I to this hard house—
More harder than the stones whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deni'd me to come in—return, and force
Their scanted courtesy.

44 Gallow: terrify. 50 pudder: turmoil. 54 simular: simulator. 58 Rive: split. continents: covers.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange.
And can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.
Poor Fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. [*Singing.*]

"He that has and a little tiny wit,—
With heigh-ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
For the rain it raineth every day."

Lear. True, boy. Come, bring us to this hovel.
Exeunt [*Lear and Kent*].

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:

When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.

Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. *Exit.*

SCENE III

[*Gloucester's castle.*]

Enter Gloucester and Edmund.

Glou. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charg'd me, on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, or any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glou. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the Dukes, and a worse matter than that. I have received a letter this night; 10 'tis dangerous to be spoken; I have lock'd the letter in my closet. These injuries the King now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed. We must incline to the King. I will look him, and privily relieve him. Go you and maintain talk with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceived. If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threat'ned me, the King my old master must be relieved. There is 20 strange things toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful.

Exit.

14 footed: on foot. 15 look: seek.

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the Duke
Instantly know; and of that letter too.
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all.
The younger rises when the old doth fall.

Exit.

SCENE IV

[*The open country. Before a hovel.*]

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter.
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. *Storm still.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin; so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thou 'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't? But I will punish home.

11 i' the mouth: face to face. 12 delicate: hard to please.

No, I will weep no more. In such a night
To shut me out! Pour on! I will endure.
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease.
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in.
[*To the Fool.*] In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.
Exit [*Fool*].
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

[*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit. Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand. Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit! He says his name's poor Tom.

31 loop'd: full of holes. 35 superflux: superfluity.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw? Come forth.

[*Enter Edgar, disguised as a madman.*]

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!
"Through the sharp hawthorn blow the winds."
Hum! go to thy bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Did'st thou give all to thy daughters, and art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives anything to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, and through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold,—O, do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now,—and there,—and there again, and there.

Storm still.

Lear. Has his daughters brought him to this pass? Couldst thou save nothing? Wouldst thou give 'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reserv'd a blanket, else we had been all sham'd.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

58 course: pursue. 61 taking: infection. 69 pendulous: suspended.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature
To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'Twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. "Pillicock sat on Pillicock hill."
Alow, alow, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend. Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair; wore gloves in my cap; serv'd the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in the contriving of lust, and wak'd to do it. Wine lov'd I deeply, dice dearly; and in woman out-paramour'd the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.
Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind.

77 pelican: young pelicans supposed to feed on their mother's blood. 88 gloves—cap: See n. 95 light of ear: credulous of evil. 100 placket: opening in a petticoat.

Says suum, mun, nonny. Dolphin my boy, boy, sessa! let him trot by. *Storm still.*

Lear. Thou wert better in a grave than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three on 's are sophisticated! Thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! come, unbutton here.

[*Tearing off his clothes.*]

Enter Gloucester, with a torch.

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest on 's body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

"Swithald footed thrice the 'old;
He met the night-mare, and her ninefold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!"

104 Dolphin my boy: See n. 111 cat: civet-cat. 113 unaccommodated: unequipped, undressed. 123 web and the pin: disease of the eye, cataract. 126 'old: wold, open country. Swithald: See n. 130 aroint thee: begone.

Kent. How fares your Grace?
Lear. What's he?
Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?
Glou. What are you there? Your names?
Edg. Poor Tom, that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for salads; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipp'd from tithing to tithing, and stock'd, punish'd, and imprison'd; who hath three suits to his back, six shirts to his body,

Horse to ride, and weapon to wear;
But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin; peace, thou fiend!
Glou. What, hath your Grace no better company?
Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman.
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.
Glou. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile
That it doth hate what gets it.
Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.
Glou. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands.
Though their injunction be to bar my doors
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

137 water: water-newt, lizard. 139 ditch-dog: dead and thrown in a ditch. 141 tithing: district. 145 deer: Ger. "tier," animal. 147 Smulkin: See n. 152 gets: begets.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.
What is the cause of thunder?
Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; go into the house.
Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.
What is your study?
Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.
Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.
Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord;
His wits begin to unsettle.
Glou. Canst thou blame him?
Storm still.
His daughters seek his death. Ah, that good Kent!
He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man!
Thou say'st the King grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself. I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late. I lov'd him, friend,
No father his son dearer; true to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!
I do beseech your Grace,—
Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir.
Noble philosopher, your company.
Edg. Tom's a-cold.
Glou. In, fellow, there, into the hovel; keep thee warm.
Lear. Come, let's in all.
Kent. This way, my lord.
Lear. With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher.
Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

165 prevent: anticipate, frustrate. 183 soothe: humor.

Glou. Take him you on.
Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.
Lear. Come, good Athenian.
Glou. No words, no words: hush.
Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came;
His word was still, 'Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.' 190
Exeunt.

SCENE V

[*Gloucester's castle.*]

Enter Cornwall and Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.
Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.
Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.
Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector! 10
Corn. Go with me to the Duchess.
Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

188 Child: a title. 3 censured: judged. 4 fears: frightens. 8 provoking: inciting, prompting. 9 himself: i.e., Gloucester.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the King, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI

[*A building attached to Gloucester's castle.*]

Enter Kent and Gloucester.

Glou. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can. I will not be long from you. *Exit.*

Kent. All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience. The gods reward your kindness!

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hissing in upon 'em,—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight. [*To Edgar.*] Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer; [*To the Fool.*] Thou, sapient sir, sit here. Now, you she foxes!

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!
Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?
"Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me,"—

Fool. "Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee."

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first. Bring in their evidence. [*To Edgar.*] Thou robed man of justice, take thy place; [*To the Fool.*] And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side. [*To Kent.*] You are o' the commission,
Sit you too.

Edg. Let us deal justly.

"Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm."

Purr! the cat is grey.

27 bourn: brook. 33 white herring: fresh herring. 35 amaz'd: confused. 45 minikin: small, dainty.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kick'd the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on. Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. [*Aside.*] My tears begin to take his part so much,
They mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them. Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,
Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail,
Tom will make him weep and wail;
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.

72 lym: blood-hound. 73 tike: cur. trundle-tail: curly-tail. 76 hatch: lower half of door.

Do, de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market-towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that make these hard hearts? [*To Edg.*] You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will say they are Persian, but let them be chang'd.

Re-enter Gloucester.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest a while.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains; so, so, so. We'll go to supper i' the morning.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Glou. Come hither, friend; where is the King my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glou. Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms;
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.
There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master.
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppressed nature sleeps.

83 entertain: engage.

This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken sinews,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure. [*To the Fool.*] Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind.

Glou. Come, come, away.

Exeunt [*all but Edgar*].

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind;
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend makes the King bow,
He childed as I fathered! Tom, away!
Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray
When false opinion, whose wrong thoughts defile thee,
In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe scape the King!
Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII

[*Gloucester's castle.*]

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Bastard [*Edmund*], *and Servants.*

Corn. [*To Gon.*] Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter. The army of France is landed.—Seek out the traitor Gloucester.

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*]

105 broken sinews: racked nerves. 114 bearing: endurance. 118 bewray: discover; reveal. 120 repeals: restores to honour. 121 what—more: whatever else.

Reg. Hang him instantly.
Gon. Pluck out his eyes.
Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the Duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister; farewell, my lord of Gloucester.

Enter Steward [*Oswald*].

How now! where's the King?
Osw. My Lord of Gloucester hath convey'd him hence.
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate,
Who, with some other of the lords dependants,
Are gone with him toward Dover, where they boast
To have well-armed friends.
Corn. Get horses for your mistress.
Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.
Corn. Edmund, farewell.
Exeunt [*Goneril, Edmund, and Oswald*].
Go seek the traitor Gloucester,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.
[*Exeunt other Servants.*]

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control.

10 festinate: hasty. 17 questrists: searchers.

Enter Gloucester and Servants.

Who's there? The traitor?

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glou. What means your Graces? Good my friends, consider
You are my guests. Do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*]

Reg. Hard, hard. O filthy traitor!

Glou. Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt find— [*Regan plucks his beard.*]

Glou. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glou. Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee. I am your host:
With robber's hands my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands you have sent the lunatic king,
Speak.

Glou. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

29 corky: withered. 39 quicken: come to life. 40 hospitable favours: features of the host. 45 footed: established. 47 guessingly: on conjecture.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the King?
Glou. To Dover.
Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril—
Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.
Glou. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.
Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
Glou. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up
And quench'd the stelled fires;
Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou shouldst have said, "Good porter, turn the key."
All cruels else subscribe; but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.
Corn. See't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.
Glou. He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help!—O cruel! O you gods!
Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.
Corn. If you see vengeance,—
[*1.*] *Serv.* Hold your hand, my lord!
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you
Than now to bid you hold.

54 course: attack of dogs in bear-baiting. 60 buoy'd: heaved. 61 stelled fires: fixed stars. 65 All—subscribe: all cruel creatures, except you, forgive.

Reg. How now, you dog!
[*1.*] *Serv.* If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?
Corn. My villain! [*They draw and fight.*]
[*1.*] *Serv.* Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.
Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus?
Takes a sword, and runs at him behind.
[*1.*] *Serv.* Oh, I am slain! My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him. Oh! [*Dies.*]
Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?
Glou. All dark and comfortless. Where's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.
Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee. It was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us,
Who is too good to pity thee.
Glou. O my follies! then Edgar was abus'd.
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!
Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover. (*Exit* [*one*] *with Gloucester.*)
How is't, my lord? How look you?
Corn. I have received a hurt; follow me, lady.
Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave
Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace;
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.
[*Exit Cornwall, led by Regan.*]
[*2.*] *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

87 quit: requite. 89 overture: disclosure.

3. Serv. If she live long,
And in the end meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.
2. Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would: his roguish madness
Allows itself to anything.
3. Serv. Go thou: I'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, Heaven help him! *Exeunt* [*severally*].

Act Fourth

SCENE I

[*The open country near Gloucester's castle.*]

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than, still contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worst.
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Enter Gloucester, led by an Old Man.

But who comes here?
My father, poorly led? World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

101 old: natural, familiar. 104 roguish: vagrant, roaming. 1 contemn'd: despised. 4 esperance: hope. 6 to laughter: to a happier condition.

Old Man. O, my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glou. Away, get thee away! Good friend, be gone;
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glou. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,
Our means secure us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities. O dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now! Who's there?

Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is't can say, "I am at the worst"?
I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet; the worst is not
So long as we can say, "This is the worst."

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glou. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glou. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm. My son
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him. I have heard more since.

22 Our means secure us: Our resources make us careless and confident. 23 commodities: benefits.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. [*Aside.*] How should this be?
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring itself and others.—Bless thee, master!

Glou. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ah, my lord.

Glou. Then, prithee, get thee away. If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Which I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.

Glou. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on't what will. *Exit.*

Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow,—

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold. [*Aside.*] I cannot daub it further.

Glou. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glou. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scar'd out of his good wits. Bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididence, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and

54 daub: color, dissemble. 64 mopping and mowing: making grimaces.

mowing, who since possesses chamber-maids
and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

Glou. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues
Have humbled to all strokes. That I am wretched
Makes thee the happier; heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he does not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glou. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep.
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me. From that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom shall lead thee.

Exeunt.

SCENE II

[*Before the Duke of Albany's palace.*]

Enter Goneril, Bastard [*Edmund*], *and Steward* [*Oswald*].

Gon. Welcome, my lord! I marvel our mild husband
Not met us on the way.—Now, where's your master?

71 slaves your ordinance: makes your divine dispensation subservient to himself.

Osw. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it. I told him you were coming;
His answer was, "The worse." Of Gloucester's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out.
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

Gon. [*To Edm.*] Then shall you go no further.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake; he'll not feel wrongs
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters and conduct his powers.
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us. Ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
Decline your head. This kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death. *Exit.*

Gon. My most dear Gloucester!
O, the difference of man and man!
To thee a woman's services are due;
My fool usurps my body.

Osw. Madam, here comes my lord. *Exit.*

12 cowish: cowardly. 14-15 Our—effects: See n.

Enter the Duke of Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. I fear your disposition.
That nature which contemns its origin
Cannot be bordered certain in itself.
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited!
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs,
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering, that not know'st

29 worth the whistle: worth more attention. 33 bordered certain: confined. 35 material: essential, nourishing. 36 deadly: death-dealing. 43 madded: driven mad.

Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief, where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land,
With plumed helm thy state begins to threat;
Whiles thou, a moral fool, sits still, and criest,
"Alack, why does he so?"

Alb. See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame!
Be-monster not thy feature. Were't my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones. Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood—Mew!

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead;
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloucester.

Alb. Gloucester's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead;
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

56 noiseless: quiet, peaceful. 60 proper: according with his nature. 62-3 Thou—feature: See n. 63 Were't my fitness: were it fit for me. 64 blood: passion. 66 Howe'er: although.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge! But, O poor Gloucester!
Lost he his other eye?
Mess. Both, both, my lord.
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer.
'Tis from your sister.
Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.
Exit.
Alb. Where was his son when they did take his eyes?
Mess. Come with my lady hither.
Alb. He is not here.
Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.
Alb. Knows he the wickedness?
Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him;
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.
Alb. Gloucester, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the King,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou know'st. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III

[*The French camp near Dover.*]

Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly gone back, know you no reason?

86 pluck: pull down.

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his coming forth is thought of; which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger that his personal return was most required and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him General?

Gent. The Marshal of France, Monsieur La Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek. It seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion, who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage; patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better way; those happy smilets
That play'd on her ripe lip seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes, which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved,
If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. Faith, once or twice she heav'd the name of "father"
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried, "Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What, i' the storm? i' the night?

21 like a better way: like sunshine and rain, but better. 25 rarity: a precious thing.

Let pity not be believ'd!" There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes;
And, clamour-moistened, then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and make could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the King return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir, the poor distressed Lear's i' the town;
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him. His own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so, they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up a while;

33 clamour-moistened: wet with weeping. 35 conditions: characters. 36 self mate and make: self-same husband and wife. 41 better tune: more reasonable moments. 44 elbows: jostles, torments. 46 casualties: hazards. 53 dear: private.

When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

[*The same. A tent.*]

Enter, with drum and colours, Cordelia, Doctor, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he! Why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea, singing aloud,
Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,
With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. A sentry send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*]
What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him take all my outward worth.
Doct. There is means, madam.
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.
Cor. All blest secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate
In the good man's distress! Seek, seek for him,
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

3 fumiter: the plant fumitory. 4 hardocks: probably burdocks. cuckoo-flowers: cowslips. 5 Darnel: a weed. idle: useless. 14 simples: medicinal herbs. 16 unpublish'd virtues: secret beneficent qualities. 17 aidant and remediate: aiding and remedial.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam!
The British powers are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning and importune tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right.
Soon may I hear and see him! *Exeunt.*

SCENE V

[*Gloucester's castle.*]

Enter Regan and Steward [*Oswald*].

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?
Osw. Ay, madam.
Reg. Himself in person there?
Osw. Madam, with much ado.
Your sister is the better soldier.
Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?
Osw. No, madam.
Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?
Osw. I know not, lady.
Reg. Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch

His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow, stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.

Osw. I may not, madam:
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike
Some things—I know not what. I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.

Osw. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that; and at her late being here
She gave strange œillades and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.

Osw. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; y'are, I know't.
Therefore I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's. You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Osw. Would I could meet him, madam! I should show
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

Exeunt.

18 nighted: benighted, darkened. 25 œillades: amorous glances.

SCENE VI

[*Fields near Dover.*]

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar [*dressed like a peasant*].

Glou. When shall I come to the top of that same hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now; look, how we labour.
Glou. Methinks the ground is even.
Edg. Horrible steep.
Hark, do you hear the sea?
Glou. No, truly.
Edg. Why, then, your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.
Glou. So may it be, indeed.
Methinks thy voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.
Edg. You're much deceiv'd. In nothing am I chang'd
But in my garments.
Glou. Methinks you're better spoken.
Edg. Come on, sir, here's the place; stand still. How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles. Halfway down
Hangs one that gathers sampire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,

13 choughs: jackdaws. 15 sampire: sea fennel, used for food. 19 cock: cock-boat.

That on the unnumb'red idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glou. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand; you are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge. For all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glou. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies and gods
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good sir.

Glou. With all my heart

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.

Glou. [*Kneeling.*] O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off.
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O bless him!
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

Edg. Gone, sir; farewell!
—And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft. [*Glou. throws himself forward.*]
Had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been past. Alive or dead?—
Ho, you sir! friend! Hear you, sir! speak!—

38 opposeless: irresistible. 39 snuff: burnt-out age. 42 conceit: imagination.

Thus might he pass indeed; yet he revives.—
What are you, sir?

Glou. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell.
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glou. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.
Look up a-height; the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard. Do but look up.

Glou. Alack, I have no eyes.
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm.
Up: so. How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

Glou. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glou. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd and waved like the enridged sea.
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,

53 at each: end to end. 57 bourn: boundary. 58 shrill-gorg'd: shrill-voiced. 71 whelk'd: twisted.

Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glou. I do remember now. Henceforth I'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself,
"Enough, enough," and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
"The fiend, the fiend!" He led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear mad [*fantastically dressed with wild flowers*].

But who comes here?
The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the King himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect. There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper; draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace; this piece of toasted cheese will do't. There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, bird! I' the clout, i' the clout! Hewgh! Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glou. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril, with a white beard! They

73 clearest: most pure. 81 safer: saner. accommodate: equip. 87 press-money: money given to men 'pressed' into military service. 88 clothier's yard: arrow a cloth-yard long. 92 bills: halberds. 93 clout: white center of target. word: password.

flatter'd me like a dog, and told me I had the white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say "ay" and "no" to everything that I said! "Ay" and "no" too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was everything; 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

Glou. The trick of that voice I do well remember. Is't not the King?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king!
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?
Adultery?
Thou shalt not die. Die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive; for Gloucester's bastard son
Was kinder to his father than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To't, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.
Behold yond simp'ring dame,
Whose face between her forks presages snow,
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name,—
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are Centaurs,
Though women all above;
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,

108 trick: note, ring. 115 Does lecher: commits lewdness. 119 luxury: lust. 121 forks: legs. snow: virtue. 122 minces: affects. 124 fitchew: polecat. soiled: high fed.

Beneath is all the fiends';
There's hell, there's darkness, there's the sulphurous pit,
Burning, scalding, stench, consumption; fie,
fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet;
good apothecary, sweeten my imagination.
There's money for thee.

Glou. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glou. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost
thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind
Cupid; I'll not love. Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glou. Were all thy letters suns, I could not see.

Edg. [*Aside.*] I would not take this from report. It is;
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glou. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in
your head, nor no money in your purse? Your
eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light;
yet you see how this world goes.

Glou. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this
world goes with no eyes. Look with thine
ears; see how yond justice rails upon yond
simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change
places, and, handy-dandy, which is the justice,
which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's
dog bark at a beggar?

128 But to: only so far as. 140 squiny: squint. 147 case: sockets.

Glou. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office.
Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thy own back;
Thou hotly lusts to use her in that kind
For which thou whip'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes great vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sins with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em.
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now.
Pull off my boots; harder, harder: so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester.
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl and cry. I will preach to thee; mark.

Glou. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools.—This a good block

167 cozener: petty cheater. 172 able: vouch for. 178 impertinency: nonsense. 187 block: hat.

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt. I'll put 't in proof;
And when I have stol'n upon these son-in-laws,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter a Gentleman [*with Attendants*].

Gent. O, here he is! Lay hand upon him. Sir,
Your most dear daughter—
Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune. Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;
I am cut to the brains.
Gent. You shall have anything.
Lear. No seconds? All myself?
Why, this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.
Gent. Good sir,—
Lear. I will die bravely, like a smug bridegroom. What!
I will be jovial. Come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that?
Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.
Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, an you get it,
you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.
Exit [*running; attendants follow*].
Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one daughter
Who redeems Nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.
Edg. Hail, gentle sir.
Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?
Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

199 salt: salt tears.

Gent. Most sure and vulgar; every one hears that
Which can distinguish sound.
Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?
Gent. Near and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.
Edg. I thank you sir; that's all.
Gent. Though that the Queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on. *Exit.*
Edg. I thank you, sir.
Glou. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!
Edg. Well pray you, father.
Glou. Now, good sir, what are you?
Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.
Glou. Hearty thanks;
The bounty and the benison of Heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward [*Oswald*].

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember; the sword is out
That must destroy thee.
Glou. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to't. [*Edgar interposes.*]

214 vulgar: commonly known. 217-18 main descry stands on the hourly thought: discovery of the main body is expected every hour. 226 art: experience. 227 pregnant: ready, disposed. 228 biding: abode. 233 thyself remember: say thy prayers.

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. 'Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest!

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. An 'chud ha' bin zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' bin zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old man; keep out, 'che vor ye, or Ise try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder. 'Chill be plain with you.

Osw. Out, dunghill!

Edg. 'Chill pick your teeth, zir. Come, no matter vor your foins.

[*They fight, and Edgar knocks him down.*]

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me. Villain, take my purse.
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters which thou find'st about me
To Edmund Earl of Gloucester; seek him out
Upon the English party. O, untimely death!
Death! *Dies.*

Edg. I know thee well; a serviceable villain,
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.

Glou. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.
Let's see these pockets; the letters that he speaks of
May be my friends. He's dead; I am only sorry

239ff. See n. 240 'Chill: I will. 243 An 'chud: if I could. 246 'che vor ye: I warn you. 247 costard: head. ballow: cudgel. 251 foins: thrusts.

He had no other death's-man. Let us see.
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not.
To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful.

(*Reads the letter.*) "Let our reciprocal vows be rememb'red. You have many opportunities to cut him off; if you will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror; then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

"Your—wife, so I would say—

"Affectionate servant,

"GONERIL."

O indistinguish'd space of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange my brother! Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers; and in the mature time
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke. For him 'tis well
That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glou. The King is mad; how stiff is my vile sense
That I stand up and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract;
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,

Drum afar off.

And woes by wrong imaginations lose
The knowledge of themselves.

277 servant: lover. 279 indistinguish'd space: undefinable scope. 282 rake up: cover over, bury. 288 ingenious: keen, sensitive.

Edg. Give me your hand.
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.
Exeunt.

SCENE VII

[*A tent in the French camp.*]

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Doctor.

Cor. O, thou good Kent, how shall I live and work
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.
Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.
Cor. Be better suited;
These weeds are memories of those worser hours.
I prithee, put them off.
Kent. Pardon, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent.
My boon I make it, that you know me not
Till time and I think meet.
Cor. Then be't so, my good lord. [*To the Doctor.*]
How does the King?
Doct. Madam, sleeps still.
Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!
Doct. So please your Majesty
That we may wake the King? He hath slept long.

7 weeds: garments. 9 made intent: prearranged plan.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will.

Enter Lear in a chair carried by Servants. [*Gentleman in attendance.*]

Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep
We put fresh garments on him.

Doct. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Doct. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there!

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch—poor perdu!—
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to him.

Doct. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your Majesty?

35 perdu: soldier put in dangerous position. 36 helm: hair. 38 fain: glad. 42 all: altogether.

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave.
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.
Cor. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?
Cor. Still, still, far wide!
Doct. He's scarce awake; let him alone a while.
Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?
I am mightily abus'd. I should even die with pity,
To see another thus. I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands. Let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!
Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.
No, sir, you must not kneel.
Lear. Pray, do not mock me.
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
Cor. And so I am, I am.
Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray, weep not.
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.

65 mainly: perfectly.

I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doct. Be comforted, good madam; the great rage,
You see, is kill'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.

Cor. Will 't please your Highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me.
Pray you now, forget and forgive; I am old and foolish.

Exeunt [*all but Kent and Gentleman*].

Gent. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester.

Gent. They say Edgar, his banish'd son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about; the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.
Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,
Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought.

Exit.

80 even o'er: account for. 95 arbitrement: decision. 97 period: end aimed at.

Act Fifth

scene i

[*The British camp, near Dover.*]

Enter, with drum and colours, Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Edm. Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course. He's full of alteration
And self-reproving; bring his constant pleasure.
[*To a Gentleman, who goes out.*]

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you.
Tell me—but truly—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forfended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her,—as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her. Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not.
She and the Duke her husband!

4 constant pleasure: fixed resolve. 6 doubted: feared. 11 forfended: forbidden. 13 as—hers: to the utmost of her possessions.

Enter, with drum and colours, Albany, Goneril, and Soldiers.

Gon. [*Aside.*] I had rather lose the battle than that sister
Should loosen him and me.
Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met.
Sir, this I heard: the King is come to his daughter,
With others whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant. For this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not bolds the King, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.
Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.
Reg. Why is this reason'd?
Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.
Alb. Let's then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceeding.
Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.
Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?
Gon. No.
Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.
Gon. [*Aside.*] O, ho, I know the riddle.—I will go.

Exeunt both the armies.

[*As they are going out,*] *enter Edgar* [*disguised. Albany remains.*]

Edg. If e'er your Grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.
Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

22 rigour of our state: our harsh government. 25-27 See n. 30 particular: private. 32 ancient of war: veteran soldiers.

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it. Wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!
Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.
Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. *Exit.*
Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The enemy's in view; draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces.
By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.
Alb. We will greet the time. *Exit.*
Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive. To take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,

46 machination: intrigue. 53 discovery: scouting. 54 greet the time: meet the emergency.

Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. *Exit.*

SCENE II

[*A field between the two camps.*]

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Soldiers, over the stage; and exeunt. Enter Edgar and Gloucester.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive.
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.
Glou. Grace go with you, sir!
Exit [*Edgar*].

Alarum and retreat within. Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand; away!
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en.
Give me thy hand; come on.
Glou. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.
Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither;
Ripeness is all. Come on.
Glou. And that's true too.
Exeunt.

SCENE III

[*The British camp near Dover.*]

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, Edmund; Lear and Cordelia as prisoners: Captain, Soldiers, etc.

68 Shall: they shall. 69 stands on me: requires me. 11 Ripeness: readiness.

Edm. Some officers take them away. Good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.
Cor. We are not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, I am cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false Fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?
Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage.
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down
And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon's the mystery of things
As if we were God's spies; and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.
Edm. Take them away.
Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The good-years shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep. We'll see 'em starv'd first.
Come. *Exeunt* [*Lear and Cordelia, guarded*].
Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note [*giving a paper*]; go follow them to prison.

2 their greater pleasures: the decisions of the greater persons. 24 good-years: See n. fell: skin.

One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes. Know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword. Thy great employment
Will not bear question; either say thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy when thou has done.
Mark, I say, instantly; and carry it so
As I have set it down.

Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work, I'll do't. *Exit.*

Flourish. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan, [another Captain] and Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have show'd to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well. You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife;
I do require them of you, so to use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen,
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time

35 write happy: call yourself happy. 49 common bosom: affection of the people. 50 impress'd: pressed into service.

We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness:
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot.
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach. General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine.
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

65 immediacy; nearness in command. 68 your addition: the title you give him. 69 compeers: equals. 74 stomach: anger, resentment. 76 walls are thine: I surrender everything to you.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.
Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.
Reg. [*To Edmund.*] Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.
Alb. Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent. [*Pointing to Gon.*] For your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife.
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My lady is bespoke.
Gon. An interlude!
Alb. Thou art armed, Gloucester; let the trumpet sound.
If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge [*throwing down a glove*]. I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.
Reg. Sick, O, sick!
Gon. [*Aside.*] If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.
Edm. There's my exchange [*throwing down a glove*].
What in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.
Call by the trumpet;—he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.
Alb. A herald, ho!
Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!
Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,

89 interlude: a comedy. 108 virtue: valor.

All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. My sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit Regan, led.*]

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound—
And read out this.

Capt. Sound, trumpet!

A trumpet sounds.

Her. (*Reads.*) "If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defence."

Edm. Sound! *First trumpet.*

Her. Again! *Second trumpet.*

Her. Again! *Third trumpet.*

Trumpet answers within.

Enter Edgar, at the third sound, armed, with a trumpet before him.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost,
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit;
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.

123 canker-bit: worm-eaten.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund Earl of Gloucester?

Edm. Himself; what say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword,
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession. I protest,
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Despite thy victor-sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor;
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou "No,"
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay,
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn.
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, for they yet glance by and scarcely bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets, speak!

Alarums. They fight. [*Edmund falls.*]

132 Maugre: in spite of. 136 Conspirant: conspirator. 138 descent: the lowest part. 144 'say: assay, proof. 145 nicely: punctiliously.

Alb. Save him, save him!

Gon. This is practice, Gloucester.
By the law of war thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite. Thou are not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it. Hold, sir.—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil.
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine. 159
Who can arraign me for't? [*Exit.*]

Alb. Most monstrous! oh!—
Know'st thou this paper?

Edm. Ask me not what I know.

Alb. Go after her; she's desperate; govern her.

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done;
And more, much more; the time will bring it out.
'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou'st wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son. 170
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou'st spoken right, 'tis true.
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee.

152 practice: treachery. 175 wheel: Fortune's wheel. 176 gait: bearing.

Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince, I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself? 180
How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale;
And when 'tis told, oh, that my heart would burst!
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near,—oh, our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly die
Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags, to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd; and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings, 190
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never,—O fault!—reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd.
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him our pilgrimage; but his flaw'd heart,
Alack, too weak the conflict to support!
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall perchance do good. But speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say. 202

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

197 flaw'd: cracked.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamour came there in a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fastened on my neck, and bellowed out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear received; which in recounting,
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack. Twice then the trumpets sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help, help, O, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of—O, she's dead!

Alb. Who dead? Speak, man.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady; and her sister
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

208 top extremity: exceed the utmost bounds. 209 big in clamour: loud in exclamation of grief.

Edm. I was contracted to them both. All three
Now marry in an instant.
Edg. Here comes Kent.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*]
O, is this he?
The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urges.
Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good-night.
Is he not here?
Alb. Great thing of us forgot!
Speak, Edmund, where's the King? and where's Cordelia?
The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.
See'st thou this object, Kent?
Kent. Alack, why thus?
Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd!
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.
Alb. Even so. Cover their faces.
Edm. I pant for life. Some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,
Be brief in it, to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia.
Nay, send in time.
Alb. Run, run, O, run!
Edg. To who, my lord? Who has the office? Send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on. Take my sword,
Give it the captain.
Edg. Haste thee, for thy life.
[*Exit Gentleman.*]
Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.
Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence a while.
[*Edmund is borne off.*]

Re-enter Lear with Cordelia in his arms [*Gentleman following*].

Lear. Howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stones!
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone for ever!
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.
Kent. Is this the promis'd end?
Edg. Or image of that horror?
Alb. Fall, and cease!
Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! If it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.
Kent. [*Kneeling.*] O my good master!
Lear. Prithee, away.
Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.
Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!

256 forbid: destroyed. 263 stone: crystal mirror. 264 end: end of the world.

Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

Gent. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made him skip. I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best. I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If Fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same,
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too. He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man,—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent.—That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and deadly.
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Aye, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain is it
That we present us to him.

279 crosses: troubles. 288 difference: change of fortune. 290 Nor—else: No, neither I nor anyone.

Enter a Messenger.

Edg. Very bootless.
Mess. Edmund is dead, my lord.
Alb. That's but a trifle here.—
You lords and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come
Shall be appli'd. For us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power; [*to Edgar and Kent*] you, to your rights,
With boot, and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited. All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings. O, see, see!
Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life!
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!
Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, sir.
Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips,
Look there, look there! *Dies.*
Edg. He faints! My lord, my lord!
Kent. Break, heart; I prithee, break!
Edg. Look up, my lord.
Kent. Vex not his ghost; O, let him pass! He hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.
Edg. He is gone, indeed.
Kent. The wonder is he hath endur'd so long;
He but usurp'd his life.

306 poor fool: Cordelia. 311-13 See n.

Alb. Bear them from hence. Our present business
Is general woe. [*To Kent and Edgar.*] Friends of
my soul, you twain
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.
Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go.
My master calls me; I must not say no.
Edg. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most; we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.
Exeunt, with a dead march.

THE TEMPEST

THE TEMPEST

INTRODUCTION

Text. The Tempest stands first in the famous First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, 1623. It may have been given this place of honor because of its success at Court where it was performed during the festivities that followed the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Prince Palatine on February 19, 1613. This Folio version is the only text we have; fortunately it seems to have been printed from a good clean copy and the text is remarkably free from misprints or corruptions. There is some reason to believe, however, that the original version may have been cut down for this performance at Court. The stage-directions in the Folio are remarkably full and precise. It has been suggested that they are Shakespeare's own, written at Stratford for a play which he did not expect to direct himself upon a stage in London.

Date. It is possible to fix the date of *The Tempest* fairly closely. We have first a record of its performance at Court in the late winter of 1613. Another record, long supposed to be a forgery, but now generally accepted, tells of an earlier Court performance on Hallowmas night, November 1, 1611. Inasmuch as only plays that had been successful on the public stage were commanded for Court performances, we may assume that *The Tempest* had achieved such success not later than the Autumn of this year. Some interesting evidence exists to show that it can not have been written before the Autumn of 1610.

The Virginia Voyage. During the first years of King

James's reign public interest had been rapidly increasing in the first English colony beyond the seas. In the year 1609 great preparations were made for sending additional settlers and provisions to the infant settlement at Jamestown, Virginia, and on June 2 of that year a fleet of nine ships set sail from Plymouth to cross the Atlantic. In mid-ocean they encountered a terrific storm, the fleet was scattered, and the flag-ship, the *Sea Venture,* disappeared from sight. One by one the other vessels struggled into port at Jamestown, but the flag-ship, bearing the leaders of the expedition, Sir George Somers and Sir Thomas Gates, was never seen again. The ship and her crew were given up for lost and mourned in England and Virginia. One can imagine, then, the joyous excitement when in the Autumn of 1610 the news reached England that while the *Sea Venture* had been wrecked, not a life had been lost, and that Somers, Gates, and their companions were safe ashore in Virginia. What had happened was one of the strangest stories in that age of seafaring and adventure. Driven south from her escorts, the vessel had run before the wind and finally crashed on a coral reef half a mile or so from one of the islands of the "still-vexed Bermoothes." By the luckiest of chances she was wedged fast and did not founder and the entire crew got safely to shore. For nine months or more they remained in that "dangerous and dreaded island or rather islands of the Bermudas . . . so terrible to all that ever touched on them, and such tempest, thunders, and other fearful objects are seen and heard about them, that they be commonly called *The Devil's Islands* . . . it being counted of most that they can be no habitation of men, but rather given over to Devils and wicked spirits" [Footnote. Quoted from Strachey's Repertory—see below p. 384.]

The ship-wrecked crew, however, found that this terrible reputation was but ill-deserved. On the contrary the islands proved to be "the richest, healthfullest, and pleasing land." The air was temperate and the country fruitful. The fairies of the rocks proved to be flocks of birds and the devils that haunted the woods only herds of swine. The mariners made a pleasant drink out of cedar berries and found gushings of fresh water by digging. So they lived in comfort through the Autumn and Winter till in the Spring of 1610 they plucked up heart, built a pair of tiny pinnaces from the timbers of the *Sea Venture* and the cedar wood of the islands, lauched them safely on May 10, and slipped across a calm sea to Jamestown, where they were welcomed like men risen from the dead.

The good news was carried to England later in the Summer, and in October of 1610 Silvester Jourdan, one of the crew of the *Sea Venture,* published a pamphlet entitled, *A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Divels.* Later in the year there appeared *A True Declaration of the Estate of the Colony in Virginia.* This may have been written by William Strachey, another member of the *Sea Venture's* party. Certainly he did write *A True Repertory of the Wracke and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates Knight, etc., etc.* This was in the form of a letter addressed to an "excellent lady" in England and meant for circulation in the circle of English men and women interested in the new colony. It did not appear in print until 1625, when it was included in *Purchas his Pilgrimes,* but there is little doubt that Shakespeare saw it in manuscript, as there is no doubt whatever that he read both the pamphlets mentioned above. A host of verbal parallels between the pamphlets, the letter, and his play, dealing with the storm, the wreck, and the island, show that he had

not only read them carefully, but had so steeped his mind in them that again and again he borrowed their very words. Rudyard Kipling's delightful suggestion that Shakespeare met a sailor on the Bankside, learned that he had been wrecked with the *Sea Venture* on the Isle of Devils, plied him with drink and questions, and so got a slant on the story which he later embodied in the character of Stephano, may be taken for what it is worth. It is, of course, incapable of proof; but it is an interesting light thrown by the imagination of one creative artist upon the working methods of another.

Earlier than the late Autumn of 1610, then, Shakespeare can not have begun to write *The Tempest*. But there is every reason to believe that he began his work promptly, while the story was still fresh news and he may well have completed it, and turned it over to his company to be produced in the Autumn of the following year, 1611, as, if we may believe Malone and the disputed *Accounts of the Revels*, it was played at Court on Hallowmas night.

Source. As we have seen, it was the story of the wreck of the *Sea Venture* and the stay of her crew in the Isle of Devils which set Shakespeare to writing a play which would exploit the popular interest in this event. But this story had nothing dramatic in it; background, atmosphere, some few realistic touches it could give him, but little else. Something more was needed, a tale to furnish a definite plot, to give backbone to his projected play. And this tale Shakespeare found. It was an old story of a banished prince, who was a magician, and had one fair daughter. After years of exile the son of the prince who had dispossessed him comes into his hands, but instead of wreaking revenge on him the enchanter marries him off to his daughter and so heals the ancient feud. There is a Spanish tale something to

this effect, but it is unlikely that Shakespeare knew it. A German play, *Die Schöne Sidea,* written by Jacob Ayrer, who died in 1605, has some interesting parallels to *The Tempest,* particularly in a scene when the captive prince carries logs for the magician's daughter. English actors in Germany in the early years of the seventeenth century may possibly have carried back some account of this play to England; but on the whole it seems more likely that the Spanish tale, the German play, and Shakespeare's *Tempest,* all derive from a common source, some fairy-tale of banishment, enchantment, and young love, that has been lost to us in the "dark backward and abysm of time." Whatever this source was we may be sure that Shakespeare dealt with it freely, choosing and rejecting as he saw fit, and shaping its incidents to suit his purpose.

The Tempest on the stage. Shakespeare's purpose, we may well believe, when he sat down to write *The Tempest,* was to amuse and delight his audience with a good show. His company had recently taken over the Blackfriars Theatre from the Children of the Chapel, who had for some years been their most dangerous rivals in popularity. The new theatre proved extremely profitable; prices were higher, and the box-office receipts were about double those at the old Globe. The audience that had come to see the Children stayed on to see the King's Men, Shakespeare's company, and they asked of them very much what they had been getting from the Children, that is, first of all, entertainment, plays that gave them song, dance, and spectacle, and the thrill of something romantic and far-fetched. Shakespeare's company wisely and prudently retained the rising young playwrights, Beaumont and Fletcher, who had been writing for the Children to write for them in their new play-house, and Shakespeare him-

self, who had done his best and hardest work, his long series of histories and his great group of tragedies for the Globe, unbent his bow and turned to a new and lighter style of play-making. It is hardly worth while to discuss here the much-vexed question of the supposed influence of Beaumont and Fletcher upon Shakespeare. It is certain that some of his later plays, *Cymbeline*, for example, are more like their "tragi-comedies" than any of his earlier works. On the other hand it is quite plain that they could, and probably did, learn much from Shakespeare's earlier works, such as *Much Ado* and *Measure for Measure*. What is certain is that Shakespeare, who always gave his public what it wanted, gave the audience at Blackfriars what they desired in good measure, pressed down and running over. And of all his so-called "romances" *The Tempest* stands out as the most romantic, the most delightful, the most entertaining, the best "show." How good a show it is, no one can tell who has not had the fortune to see it acted as Shakespeare meant it to be, upon a stage that in some measure at least resembles the stage for which he wrote. Those who were lucky enough to see it some dozen years ago upon such a stage, produced and directed by lovers of Shakespeare whose one thought was to revive its ancient magic, can testify to its charm. Here was something for all tastes; music, song, and dance, spectacle and pageant, rollicking fun and grotesque shapes, a tale of true love, crossed, but only briefly crossed, and happily concluded, and over all and about all the magic of Shakespeare's verse at its loveliest and sweetest. The laughter and applause of an audience of children at a matinée bore hearty witness to their delight; but no outward sign was adequate to express the joy of a true lover of Shakespeare in seeing a play so long familiar in the closet in lively action upon the stage. *The*

Tempest is not, perhaps, great drama, but it is distinctly what Shakespeare meant it to be, a good show, a delightful theatrical entertainment.

Plot and characters. The story itself, this tale of the wise and good enchanter, his innocent and lovely daughter, the Prince brought to her feet by her father's magic, and the conclusion in which old enmities are forgotten and old wrongs pardoned, is told in the simplest and most straightforward fashion. Here, for once, Shakespeare has observed the famous Unities of Time and Place. Perhaps he did so laughingly to show Jonson and the classicists of his day how easy it was to do; more likely he was wise enough to see how such an observance simplified and speeded on the plot. All the action except the first scene takes place upon the enchanted island, and it all is confined within the brief space of an afternoon. This gives time for the introduction of the masque-like elements, the songs, the dances, spectacles like the disappearance of the banquet "with a quaint device," or the vanishing of the nymphs and reapers "to a strange, hollow, and confused noise"—devices which must have taxed the machinery of Shakespeare's theatre to its utmost. And it is just these masque-like elements that give its special and peculiar charm to *The Tempest.*

The characters, too, are simple and attractive. Here is no Hamlet to baffle the scrutiny of centuries of critics, no Cleopatra to present the eternal riddle of a woman's will. Ferdinand is the Prince Charming of old fairy tales and little more; Miranda is guileless youth and innocence; Prospero is wisdom and benevolence combined; Stephano and Trinculo furnish the fooling demanded by the pit. Ariel is, as his name shows, a spirit of air, the genius or attendant spirit of Eastern magic. Only in the character of Caliban do we find a

certain complexity. He is in the first place a monster, the offspring of a witch and a devil; as such he stands at the opposite pole from Ariel. He is of the earth earthy and serves his master with fear and hatred. Prospero's rule, it would seem, extends over all the elements, from the genius of the air to the gnome of earth. There is, however, something more than this in Caliban. His very name, an anagram for Canibal, would at once suggest to the audience a thought of the American savage, the Carib of the Western Isles. Already the idea of the noble savage, the unspoilt child of nature, had begun to haunt the brains of European thinkers. Shakespeare, we may well believe, had no such idealized conception. What he had heard from voyagers of the "noble savage" led him to believe that this child of nature was almost sub-human, apter to imitate European vices than virtues, treacherous and bloody. Something of all this he put into Caliban, with his bitter hatred of the master who had dispossessed him of his island, his joyful acceptance of the drunken Stephano with his "celestial liquor" as a new and better master, and his treacherous plot to murder Prospero in his sleep. Yet with all this there is freshness and nearness to nature in Caliban that raises him above the merely brutal. Some of the loveliest lines of the play—"be not afeard; the isle is full of noises"—are put into his mouth, and one can imagine him after the departure of Prospero returning to his old life of indolent freedom with a certain simple happiness.

Theme. Primarily *The Tempest* is a stage-play to entertain and amuse an audience, but as in all of Shakespeare's work there is something more than this included. It is a commonplace of criticism that the later plays of Shakespeare, *Pericles, Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale, The Tempest,* all deal with the re-union of sepa-

rated friends and families, with the reconciliation of enemies, and the forgiveness of wrongs. And this dominant theme is most strongly sounded in *The Tempest*. Prospero, the protagonist, has been deeply wronged; the hour has come for his revenge and his enemies are powerless in his hands; but his "nobler reason" overcomes his anger, he knows that "the rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance," and the "sole drift of his purpose" is to lead the evil-doers to confession and repentance. And when this is accomplished he heals the old feud between Milan and Naples by the marriage of Ferdinand and Miranda, heirs respectively of these two states, and prepares for a retirement where "every third thought shall be my grave." It is interesting to compare the tone and temper of *The Tempest* with that of the great tragedies of Shakespeare's central period. In *Hamlet*, for example, revenge is a primary duty to be performed even at the cost of the revenger's life; in *Lear* the power of Evil is so overwhelming that it sweeps down all the good before it and leaves a wreck behind. But in *The Tempest* vengeance yields to mercy, and Evil, represented on the one hand by the shipwrecked lords, on the other by Caliban and his confederates, is impotent, and even ridiculous, in the presence of an all-powerful and benevolent Providence.

Allegory and Autobiography. Various attempts have been made to read an allegorical significance into *The Tempest*. In Lowell's interpretation, for example, Prospero represents the creative poet, and his attendant ministers the phases of his art; Ariel, the lyric fancy, Caliban, realistic and grotesque comedy. Miranda stands for "pure poetry", Ferdinand for young love; and their union represents the romantic achievement of the poet. It is, of course, impossible to imagine, that Shakespeare had any such formulated scheme in his

mind, but any reader is at liberty to draw from the play what allegorical significance he can.

What seems more certain is that Shakespeare consciously or unconsciously put more of himself and his outlook on life into *The Tempest* than into any other of his plays, with the possible exception of *Hamlet*. When he wrote *The Tempest* he had already retired to Stratford, coming up to London at infrequent intervals to turn over a manuscript or supervise a production. The thought must have been ever present in his mind that his career, crowded with so many achievements, was fast drawing to a close. It is impossible not to catch the voice of the poet himself when Prospero recounts his deeds of magic (V, i, 40-50), abjures his art, and in the *Epilogue* begs for the indulgence and kind prayers of the spectators. We may well believe that the most famous lines of the play (IV, i, 148-158) represent Shakespeare's final outlook on life, his realization of the transitory nature of all things, "the great globe itself, yea, all which it inherit." But in this final outlook there is none of the bitterness that marks the tragedies. The wisdom of Prospero-Shakespeare is grave, but ripe and kindly. Life for him is over, but life renews itself in the union of Ferdinand and Miranda, "our dear-beloved." *The Tempest* opens with a storm; it closes with "calm seas, auspicious gales." It is a serene sunset after a troubled, but glorious day.

THE TEMPEST

[Dramatis Personæ

Alonso, king of Naples.
Sebastian, his brother.
Prospero, the right duke of Milan.
Antonio, his brother, the usurping duke of Milan.
Ferdinand, son to the king of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honest old Counsellor.

Adrian, Francisco, } Lords.

Caliban, a savage and deformed Slave.
Trinculo, a Jester.
Stephano, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship.
Boatswain.
Mariners.
Miranda, daughter to Prospero.
Ariel, an airy Spirit.

Iris, Ceres, Juno, Nymphs, Reapers, } Spirits.

[Other Spirits attending on Prospero.]

Scene: [*A ship at sea;*] *an uninhabited island*]

Act First

scene i

[*On a ship at sea:*] *a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.*

Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain.

Mast. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master; what cheer?

Mast. Good; speak to the mariners. Fall to't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground. Bestir, bestir. *Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour. Keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin! silence! trouble us not.

4 yarely: nimbly. 9 room: sea-room.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. *Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow. Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable. *Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course. A plague (*A cry within.*)

Enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

upon this howling! They are louder than the weather or our office.—Yet again! What do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent

32 complexion: appearance. 38 Bring her to try: bring her close to the wind. main-course: mainsail.

noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses; off to sea again! Lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mariners. All lost! To prayers, to prayers! All lost!

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The King and Prince at prayers! Let's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.
This wide-chapp'd rascal—would thou mightst lie drowning
The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it
And gape at wid'st to glut him.
Mercy on us!

A confused noise within
We split, we split! Farewell, my wife and children!
Farewell, brother! We split, we split, we split.

Ant. Let's all sink wi' the King.

Seb. Let's take leave of him. *Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath,

52 a-hold: close to the wind. 59 merely: entirely. 60 wide-chapp'd: wide-mouthed. 63 glut: swallow.

brown furze, anything. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

Exeunt.

SCENE II

[*The island. Before Prospero's cell.*]

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces! O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her.

Pros. Be collected;
No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better

4 welkin's: sky's. 13 fraughting: constituting the freight or cargo. 14 amazement: fear.

Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. So,
[*Lays down his mantle.*]
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.

Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding, "Stay, not yet."

Pros. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear.
Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what? By any other house or person?
Of anything the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

27 virtue: quality. 30 perdition: loss. 31 Betid: betided, happened. 35 bootless inquisition: profitless questioning. 41 out: fully.

Mir. 'Tis far off
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four of five women once that tended me?
Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou rememb'rest aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou may'st.
Mir. But that I do not.
Pros. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.
Mir. Sir, are not you my father?
Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir
And princess no worse issued.
Mir. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?
Pros. Both, both, my girl.
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence,
But blessedly holp hither.
Mir. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, father.
Pros. My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio—
I pray thee, mark me—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom next thyself

56 piece: masterpiece. 59 issued: descended. 64 teen: grief.

Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance and who
To trash for overtopping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,

71 signories: principalities (of Italy). 77 secret: magical, occult. 81 trash for overtopping: check for rising too high. 83 key: 1) key to office, 2) tuning key. 91-2 See n.

A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the Duke. Out o' the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative, hence his ambition growing—
Dost thou hear?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough—of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates—
So dry he was for sway—wi' the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom yet unbow'd—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.

Mir. O the heavens!

Pros. Mark his condition and the event, then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mir. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother.
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pros. Now the condition.
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;

97 sans: without. 100-2 See n. 103 substitution: deputyship. 112 dry: thirsty. 117 condition: agreement.

Which was that he, in lieu o' the premises,
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan
With all the honours on my brother; whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

Mir. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again. It is a hint
That wings mine eyes to't.

Pros. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon's, without the which this story
Were most impertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pros. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not
(So dear the love my people bore me) set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats

123 in lieu o' the premises: in return for his promises. 134 hint: occasion. 146 butt: tub.

Instinctively have quit it. There they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh
To the winds whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pros. O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we ashore?

Pros. By Providence divine.
Some food we had and some fresh water that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pros. Now I arise.
[*Puts on his robe.*]
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit

155 deck'd: sprinkled: 157 undergoing stomach: enduring courage. 165 steaded: helped.

Than other princess can that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mir. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pros. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions.
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way. I know thou canst not choose.
[*Miranda sleeps.*]
Come away, servant, come; I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure, be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds. To thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.

Pros. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. Sometime I'd divide,

179 dear: kind. 181 zenith: high point of fortune. 183 omit: ignore. 193 quality: skill. 194 to point: in every detail. 198 amazement: terror.

And burn in many places. On the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pros. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plung'd in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me. The King's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."

Pros. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.

202 momentary: instantaneous. 207 coil: turmoil. 218 sustaining: upholding (in the water).

The King's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pros. Of the King's ship
The mariners say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the King's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid;
The mariners all under hatches stow'd,
Who, with a charm join'd to their suff'red labour,
I have left asleep; and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean float
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the King's ship wreck'd
And his great person perish.

Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pros. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pros. How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

229 still-vex'd Bermoothes: ever-stormy Bermudas. 234 float: sea. 240 glasses: hour-glasses. 242 pains: tasks. 243 remember: remind.

Ari. My liberty.
Pros. Before the time be out? No more!
Ari. I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grude or grumblings. Thou did promise
To bate me a full year.
Pros. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pros. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is bak'd with frost.
Ari. I do not, sir.
Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, sir.
Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born? Speak; tell me.
Ari. Sir, in Argier.
Pros. O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, sir.

261 Argier: Algiers. 266 for one thing, etc: See n.

Pros. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthly and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckl'd whelp, hag-born,—not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.

Pros. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever angry bears. It was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo. It was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

269 blue'ey'd: blear-eyed. 272 for: because. 274 hests: behests.

Ari. Pardon, master;
I will be correspondent to command
And do my spiriting gently.
Pros. Do so, and after two days
I will discharge thee.
Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what. What shall I do? 300
Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea; be subject
To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape
And hither come in't. Go, hence with diligence!
Exit Ariel.
Awake, dear heart, awake! Thou hast slept well;
Awake!
Mir. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.
Pros. Shake it off. Come on,
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.
Pros. But, as 'tis, 310
We cannot miss him. He does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.
Cal. (*Within.*) There's wood enough within.
Pros. Come forth, I say there's other business for thee.
Come, thou tortoise! when?

297 correspondent: obedient. 311 miss: do without. 316 when: impatient exclamation.

Re-enter Ariel like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done.

Exit.

Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! A south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,
Thou strok'dst me and made much of me, wouldst give me
Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night; and then I lov'd thee
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile.
Curs'd be I that did so! All the charms

317 quaint: fine, dainty. 326 urchins: hobgoblins. 327 vast: dead void.

Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.

Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho! would't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopl'd else
This isle with Calibans.

[*Pros.*] Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

358 race: inherited nature. 364 rid: destroy.

Pros. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.
Cal. No, pray thee.
[*Aside.*] I must obey. His art is of such power
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.
Pros. So, slave; hence!
Exit Caliban.

Re-enter Ariel, invisible, playing and singing; Ferdinand [*following*].

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands.
Curtsied when you have and kiss'd,
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Burden (*dispersedly*). Hark, hark!
Bow-wow.
The watch-dogs bark!
Bow-wow.
Ari. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, "Cock-a-diddle-dow."

378 Setebos: See n. 379 whist: hushed. 380 featly: nimbly. 381 burden: refrain.

Fer. Where should this music be? I' the air or the earth?
It sounds no more; and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the King my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air; thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL'S SONG.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

Burden. Ding-dong.
[*Ari.*] Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.
Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.
Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
And say what thou seest yond.
Mir. What is't? A spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.
Pros. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd

405 remember: commemorate. 407 owes: owns. 408 advance: raise.

With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pros. [*Aside.*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island,
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here. My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

Mir. No wonder, sir,
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pros. How? the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does I weep. Myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The King my father wreck'd.

Mir. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.

415 canker: destructive worm. 432 single: solitary.

Pros. [*Aside.*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this. [*To Fer.*] A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong; a word.
Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!
Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.
Pros. Soft, sir! one word more.
[*Aside.*] They are both in either's powers; but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [*To Fer.*] One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.
Pros. Follow me.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together.
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be

439 control: contradict. 443 you—wrong: you have misrepresented yourself. 454 ow'st: ownest.

The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
He draws, and is charmed from moving.

Mir. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle and not fearful.

Pros. What! I say;
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor,
Who mak'st a show but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt. Come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you, father.

Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.

Mir. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

Pros. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mir. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

468 fearful: to be feared. 469 foot: inferior (Miranda). 471 ward: posture of defense.

Pros. Come on; obey.
Thy nerves are in their infancy again
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are.
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid. All corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
Pros. [*Aside.*] It works. [*To Fer.*] Come on.
—Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [*To Fer.*]
Follow me.
[*To Ari.*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.
Mir. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech. This is unwonted
Which now came from him.
Pros. [*To Ari.*] Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To the syllable.
Pros. [*To Mir. and Fer.*] Come, follow. Speak not for him. *Exeunt.*

484 nerves: muscles.

Act Second

scene i

[*Another part of the island.*]

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us. Then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.
Alon. Prithee, peace.
Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.
Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.
Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.
Gon. Sir,—
Seb. One. Tell.
Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—
Seb. A dollar.
Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer than you purpos'd.
Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.
Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

5 merchant: merchantman. 11 visitor: visitor to sick (Gonzalo). 15 Tell: count.

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!
Alon. I prithee, spare.
Gon. Well, I have done. But yet,—
Seb. He will be talking.
Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?
Seb. The old cock.
Ant. The cockerel.
Seb. Done. The wager?
Ant. A laughter.
Seb. A match!
Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—
Seb. Ha, ha, ha! Antonio! So you're paid.
Adr. Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,—
Seb. Yet,—
Adr. Yet,—
Ant. He could not miss't.
Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.
Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.
Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly deliver'd.
Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
Seb. As if it had lungs and rotten ones.
Ant. Or as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.
Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.
Ant. True; save means to live.
Seb. Of that there's none, or little.
Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! How green!
Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.
Seb. With an eye of green in't.
Ant. He misses not much.

40 miss't: the word "yet." 42 temperance: temperature, in l. 43 reference to character in morality play. 55 eye: tinge. 56 misses not much: is not far wrong.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.
Gon. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—
Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.
Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dy'd than stain'd with salt water.
Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?
Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.
Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.
Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.
Adr. Tunis was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their queen.
Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.
Ant. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!
Seb. What if he had said "widower Æneas" too? Good Lord, how you take it!
Adr. "Widow Dido" said you? You make me study of that. She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.
Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.
Adr. Carthage?
Gon. I assure you, Carthage.
Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.
Seb. He hath rais'd the wall and houses too.

60 vouch'd: asserted. 87 miraculous harp: See n.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?
Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket and give it his son for an apple.
Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.
Gon. Ay.
Ant. Why, in good time.
Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.
Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.
Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.
Ant. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.
Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.
Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.
Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?
Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?
Fran. Sir, he may live.
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs. He trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him. His bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared

103 in a sort: to a certain extent. 104 sort: the word "sort" used in l. 103. 107 stomach: inclination. 109 rate: judgment.

Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she at least is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to and importun'd otherwise
By all of us, and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever. Milan and Naples have
Moe widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them.
The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
And time to speak it in. You rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

127 Who: which (Refers to eye). 130 Weigh'd: balanced. loathness: unwillingness. 130–1 at . . . bow: See n. 133 Moe: more. 140 chirurgeonly: like a surgeon.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—
Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.
Seb. Or docks, or mallows.
Gon. And were the king on't, what would I do?
Seb. Scape being drunk for want of wine.
Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty;—
Seb. Yet he would be king on't.
Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?
Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.
Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.
Seb. Save his Majesty!
Ant. Long live Gonzalo!
Gon. And,—do you mark me, sir?

143 plantation: colonization. 147–168 See n. 150 Letters: learning. 152 Bourn: boundry: tilth: tillage. 161 engine: instrument of war. 163 foison: plenty. it: its.

Alon. Prithee, no more; thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your Highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you. So you may continue and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. And it had not fallen flatlong.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel [*invisible*], *playing solemn music.*

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.*]

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts. I find
They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it.

170 nothing: nonsense. 173 minister occasion: offer an opportunity. 174 sensible: sensitive. 181 flatlong: with the flat of the sword. 183 See n. on I Hy. IV, V, iv, 65. 185 a bat-fowling: hunting birds at night. 187 adventure: risk. 188 discretion: reputation for discretion. 189 heavy: drowsy. 194 omit: ignore.

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.
[*Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.*]

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian, O, what might—? No more:—
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be. The occasion speaks thee and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, are thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

203 consent: concerted action. 207 speaks: proclaims. 216 wink'st: closest thine eyes.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.
Ant. I am more serious than my custom; you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.
Seb. Well, I am standing water.
Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do so. To ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.
Seb. Prithee, say on.
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee, and a birth indeed
Which throes thee much to yield.
Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded—
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade—the King his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.
Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that no hope
What great hope have you! No hope that way is

221 Trebles: makes three times as great. standing: quiet, at the turn of the tide. 224–228 See n. 230 matter: important business. 231 throes: pains. 232 remembrance: memory. 234 earth'd: buried. 236 Professes: practices as a profession.

Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post—
The man i' the moon's too slow—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that—from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,
And by that destiny to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come
In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this! How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake." Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate

243 But—there: See n. 248: note: information. 250 from whom: coming from whom. 251 cast: 1) cast ashore, 2) cast as actors. 254 discharge: performance.

As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
Seb. Methinks I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
Ant. True.
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conscience?
Ant. Ay, sir, where lies that? If 'twere a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom. Twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they
And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.
Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,

266 chough: jackdaw. deep chat: profound chatter. 269 content: desire, wish. 270 Tender: regard. 273 feater: more trimly. 276 kibe: chilblain. 279 candied: congealed. 285 perpetual wink: everlasting sleep. 288 suggestion: our promptings. 289 tell the clock: count the strokes, fig. agree.

I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword. One stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest,
And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word.
[*They talk apart.*]

Re-enter Ariel [*invisible*], *with music and song.*

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth—
For else his project dies—to keep them living.
Sings in Gonzalo's ear.

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd Conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware;
Awake, awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels
Preserve the King. [*Wakes Alon.*]

Alon. Why, how now? Ho, awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose.
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions. Did't not wake you?

296 To fall: cause to fall. 306 sudden: quick.

It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! Sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.
I shak'd you, sir, and cried. As mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn. There was a noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done.
So, King, go safely on to seek thy son. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II

[*Another part of the island.*]

Enter Caliban with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me

3 inch-meal: inch by inch.

And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me,
Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

Enter Trinculo.

Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither brush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind. Yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head; yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here? A man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish; he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not-of-the-newest Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man; any

5 urchin-shows: apparitions of goblins. 9 mow: make faces. 18 bear off: keep off. 21 bombard: leather wine vessel. 28 Poor-John: salted hake. 32 make a man: make a man's fortune.

strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! My best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing: [*a bottle in his hand*].

Ste. "I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore—"

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral. Well, here's my comfort. *Drinks.*

(*Sings.*) "The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner and his mate
Lov'd Moll, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch;
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!"

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort. *Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me! Oh!

34 doit: the smallest coin. 41 gaberdine: cloak. 44 shroud: hide.

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with savages and men of Ind, ha? I have not scap'd drowning to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, "As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground"; and it shall be said so again while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me! Oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it but for that. If I can recover him and keep him tame and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle; if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling. Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways. Open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly. You cannot tell who's your friend. Open your chaps again.

74 recover: restore. 76 neat's-leather: cow-hide. 87 trembling: a sign of being possessed by a devil. 90 "Good liquor will make a cat speak."

Trin. I should know that voice; it should be—but he is drown'd; and these are devils. O defend me!

Ste. Four legs and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come. Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster. I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me; for I am Trinculo,—be not afeard—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth, I'll pull thee by the lesser legs. If any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunderstroke. But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drown'd. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scap'd!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

97 delicate: lovely. 107 "He must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil." 114 siege: excrement. 115 moon-calf: monster. vent: emit.

Cal. [Aside.] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor.
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? How cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou cam'st hither,—I escap'd upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved o'erboard—by this bottle, which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck. I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man. My cellar is in a rock by the seaside where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee. I was the man i' the moon when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee. My mistress show'd me thee and thy dog and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book. I will furnish it anon with new contents. Swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

155 drawn: drunk.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;
And I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.
Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken
monster! When's god's asleep, he'll rob his
bottle.
Cal. I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear myself thy subject.
Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.
Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-
headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I
could find in my heart to beat him—
Ste. Come, kiss.
Trin. But that the poor monster's in drink. An
abominable monster!
Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck the
berries;
I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.
Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a won-
der of a poor drunkard!
Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset. I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberts and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with
me?
Ste. I prithee now, lead the way without any more
talking. Trinculo, the King and all our com-
pany else being drown'd, we will inherit here.
Here! bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll
fill him by and by again.

176 crabs: crab-apples. 181 scamels: See n. 185 inherit: take possession.

Cal. (*Sings drunkenly.*)
Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!
Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!
Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish.
'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
Has a new master, get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!
Ste. O brave monster! Lead the way. *Exeunt.*

Act Third.

scene i

[*Before Prospero's cell.*]

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off; some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead
And makes my labours pleasures. O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such baseness

192 trenchering: trenchers.

Had never like executor. I forget;
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy least, when I do it.

Enter Miranda; and Prospero [*at a distance, unseen*].

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard. I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you. When this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.
Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.
Mir. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.
Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease, for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
Pros. Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.
Mir. You look wearily.
Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you—

15 See n. 32 visitation: (1) visit to Ferdinand (2) affliction with plague.

Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers—
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda.—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd
And put it to the foil; but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father. How features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
I would, not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak.

46 And—foil: defeated, marred. 53 skilless: ignorant.

The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid. To be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband, then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my hand.

70 invert: convert. 71 boded: destined. 79 die to want: die if I miss.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in 't. And now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand!

Exeunt [*Fer. and Mir. severally*].

Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,
For yet ere supper-time must I perform
Much business appertaining. *Exit.*

SCENE II

[*Another part of the island.*]

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me. When the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before; therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle; we are three of them; if the other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee. Thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? He were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack. For my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and

10 set: fixed by drinking.

thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you'll lie like dogs and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him; he's not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster! I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou debosh'd fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I today? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! Wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. "Lord" quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! Bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head. If you prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The poor monster's my subject and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I; kneel and repeat it. I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

18 standard: standard-bearer. 19 he's no standard: he's not capable of standing. 22 go: walk. 29 case: condition. 29 debosh'd: debauched. 37 natural: idiot.

Enter Ariel, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou. I would my valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,—for I know thou dar'st,
But this thing dare not,—

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord. I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows
And take his bottle from him. When that's gone
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger. Interrupt the monster one word further, and, by

71 pied ninny: fool in motley. patch: fool, jester. 75 quick freshes: springs of fresh water.

this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that. [*Beats Trin.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Prithee, stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough. After a little time
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,
I' the afternoon to sleep. There thou mayst brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books, or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command. They all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter. He himself
Calls her a nonpareil. I never saw a woman

79 stock-fish: dried cod. 88 murrain: plague. 98 paunch: stab him in the paunch, stomach. 99 wezand: windpipe. 101 sot: blockhead.

But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As greatest does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man. His daughter and I will be king and queen,—save our Graces!—and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep.
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure.
Let us be jocund. Will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

Sings.

Flout 'em and scout 'em
And scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

126 troll: sing. catch: part-song. S.d. tabor: small drum, usually accompanying a pipe.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness. If thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts. I defy thee. Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard. The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that, when I wak'd,
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by. I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away. Let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could see this taborer; he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III

[*Another part of the island.*]

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, etc.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache. Here's a maze trod indeed
Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience,
I needs must rest me.
Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness
To the dulling of my spirits. Sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it
No longer for my flatterer. He is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.
Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.
Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.
Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Solemn and strange music; and Prospero on the top invisible. Enter several strange shapes, bringing

1 By'r lakin: by our Lady. 3 forth-rights: straight paths. meanders: winding paths. 5 attach'd: seized. 17 S.d. "top": Prospero appears on balcony at back of stage.

in a banquet; and dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, etc., to eat, they depart.

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] I say, to-night. No more.
Alon. What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous sweet music!
Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?
Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns, that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne, one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
Ant. I'll believe both:
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.
Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders—
For, certes, these are people of the island—
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
Pros. [*Aside.*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.
Alon. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing,
Although they want the use of tongue, a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

21 drollery: puppet-show. 36 muse: marvel at.

Pros. [*Aside.*] Praise in departing.
Fran. They vanish'd strangely.
Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind, for we have stomachs. 41
Will't please you taste of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.
Alon. I will stand to and feed,
Although my last. No matter, since I feel 50
The best is past. Brother, my lord the Duke,
Stand to and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in't, the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up you; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves.

39 Praise in departing: See n. 41 stomachs: appetites 44-49 See n. 52 S.d. "harpy": See n. 54 to: as. 60 proper: own.

[*Alon., Seb., etc., draw their swords.*]
You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate. The elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume. My fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths
And will not be uplifted. But remember—
For that's my business to you—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child; for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me
Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads—is nothing but heart's sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table.

Pros. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring.
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated

65 dowle: downy feather. 71 requit: requited.

In what thou hadst to say; so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions. They now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,
And his and mine lov'd darling. [*Exit above.*]

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*]

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

Exeunt [*Seb. and Ant.*].

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you.

Exeunt.

86 good life: life likeness. 87 observation strange: usually careful attention. 88 kinds: rôles. 99 bass: to utter in deep tones. 108 ecstasy: frenzy.

Act Fourth

scene i

[*Before Prospero's cell.*]

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pros. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test. Here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter. But
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minist'red,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren Hate,
Sour-eyed Disdain and Discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both. Therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

3 third: See n. 7 strangely: uncommonly well. 18 aspersion: sprinkling of holy water.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think or Phœbus' steeds are foun-
der'd
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pros. Fairly spoke.
Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? Here I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place.
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art. It is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pros. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say "come" and "go,"
And breathe twice and cry "so, so,"
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? No?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

37 rabble: crowd. 41 vanity: illusion. 43 twink: twinkling. 47 mop: grimace.

Ari. Well, I conceive. 50
Exit.

Pros. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein. The strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood. Be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pros. Well.
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit. Appear, and pertly!
No tongue! all eyes! Be silent. *Soft music.*

Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas 60
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy
brown groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipp'd vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the
sky, 70
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,
Juno descends.

56 liver: supposed seat of the passions. 57 corollary: surplus. 59 S.d. "Enter Iris": See n. 60 leas: fields. 61 vetches: forage plants. 63 stover: fodder. 64 pioned and twilled: See n. 68 pole-clipp'd vineyard: with vines clinging to the poles. 71 watery arch: rainbow.

Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport; here peacocks fly amain.
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-coloured messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the Queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid. I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain.
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,

74 amain: swiftly. 85 estate: bestow. 89 Dis: Pluto. 90 scandal'd: scandalous. 98 minion: favorite. 99 waspish-headed: irritable.

Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows
And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

[*Enter Juno.*]

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
And honour'd in their issue. *They sing.*

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

[*Cer.*] Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines with clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burden bowing.
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wond'red father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

Pros. Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously.

110 foison: rich harvest. 123 wond'red: wonder-working.

There's something else to do; hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the winding brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry.
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pros. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life. The minute of their plot
Is almost come. [*To the Spirits.*] Well done! avoid.
No more!

Fer. This is strange. Your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd.

130 crisp: rippling. 138 footing: dancing. 142 avoid: begone.

Pros. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd. Be cheerful, sir,
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd,—
Bear with my weakness—my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell
And there repose. A turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace.

Exeunt.

Pros. Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel; come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

Pros. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander. When I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground

156 rack: cloud. 167 presented: represented.

For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music. So I charm'd their ears
That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking gorse, and thorns,
Which ent'red their frail shins. At last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pros. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still.
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go.

Exit.

Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-enter Ariel, loaden with glittering apparel, etc.

Come, hang them on this line.

[*Prospero and Ariel remain, invisible.*] *Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harm-

187 stale: decoy. 193 line: Probably misprint for "lime"—Cf. V, i, 10.

less fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance; therefore speak softly,
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting; yet this is your harmless fairy, monster!

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell. No noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery. O King Stephano!

198 Jack: knave. 206 hoodwink: cover up. 222 King Stephano: See n. 226 frippery: old-clothes shop.

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand,
I'll have that gown.
Trin. Thy Grace shall have it.
Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you
mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone
And do the murder first. If he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.
Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not
this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the
line. Now, jerkin, you are like to lose your
hair and prove a bald jerkin.
Trin. Do, do; we steal by line and level, an't like
your Grace.
Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment
for't. Wit shall not go unrewarded while I am
king of this country. "Steal by line and level"
is an excellent pass of pate; there's another
garment for't.
Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your
fingers, and away with the rest.
Cal. I will have none on't. We shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.
Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers. Help to bear this
away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll
turn you out of my kingdom. Go to, carry this.
Trin. And this.
Ste. Ay, and this.

235-238: See n. 244 pass of pate: sally of wit. 246 lime: bird-lime. 249 barnacles: geese, See n.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about, Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!
Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!
Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark! hark!
[*Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.*]
Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o' mountain.
Ari. Hark, they roar!
Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies.
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom. For a little
Follow, and do me service. *Exeunt.*

Act Fifth

scene i

[*Before Prospero's cell.*]

Enter Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head.
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and Time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?
Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

3 carriage: burden.

Pros. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the King and 's followers?
Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The King
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, "The good old lord, Gonzalo,"
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.
Pros. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part. The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance. They being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel.
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir.
Exit.

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar; graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure, and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. *Solemn music.*

Here enters Ariel before: then Alonso, with a frantic gesture, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian and Antonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and

37 green sour ringlets: dark green grass-circles, supposed to be made by fairies dancing in a ring. 45 given fire: set off, discharged.

Francisco. They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmed; which Prospero observing, speaks.

A solemn air and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter.
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature, whom, with Sebastian,
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
Would here have kill'd your king, I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me! Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;

63 sociable: in sympathy with. 71 Home: fully. 81 reasonable shore: shore of reason.

I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan. Quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel sings and helps to attire him.

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I.
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so.
To the King's ship, invisible as thou art;
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches. The master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. *Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pros. Behold, sir King,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero.
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'er thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,

85 discase me: change my clothes. 111 Whe'er: whether. 112 trifle: mockery. abuse: deceive.

As late I have been, I not know. Thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me. This must crave,
An if this be at all, a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?

Pros. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!
[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you
And justify you traitors. At this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. [*Aside.*] The devil speaks in him.

Pros. No.
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation,
How thou hast met us here, whom three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore, where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—

124 subtleties: illusions. 128 justify: prove.

My dear son Ferdinand.

I am woe for't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and Patience
Says it is past her cure.

Pros. I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss!

Pros. As great to me as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The King and Queen there! That they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath; but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,

139 woe: sorry. 154 admire: wonder. 155 devour: destroy.

Not a relation for a breakfast nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court. Here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad. Pray you, look in
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess.

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.
Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Seb. A most high miracle!
Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have curs'd them without cause. [*Kneels.*]
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
Mir. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!
Pros. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours.
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

186 eld'st: longest possible.

Fer. Sir, she is mortal,
But by immortal Providence she's mine.
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers.
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pros. There, sir, stop.
Let us not burden our remembrances with
A heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become Kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: in one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.

Alon. [*To Fer. and Mir.*] Give me your hands.
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be it so! Amen!

Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us.
I prophesi'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. [*Aside to Pros.*] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pros. [*Aside to Ari.*] My tricksy spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches;
Where but even now with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And moe diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship, our master
Cap'ring to eye her. On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them
And were brought moping hither.

224 yare: ready. 240 moping: in a daze.

Ari. [*Aside to Pros.*] Was't well done?

Pros. [*Aside to Ari.*] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of. Some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pros. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business. At pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful
And think of each thing well. [*Aside to Ari.*] Come hither, spirit.
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune. Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!

244 conduct: instigator, conductor. 246 infest: harass.

What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil—
For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now. Where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe. Where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last that, I fear me, will never out of my bones. I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pros. You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.
Pointing to Caliban.

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;

267 badges: servants' arm-badges. 271 See n. 280 gilded: flustered.

Take with you your companions. As you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter
And seek for grace. What a thrice-doubled ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool!

Pros. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*]

Pros. Sir, I invite your Highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away,—the story of my life
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle. And in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belov'd solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pros. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ari.*] My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge. Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.

Exeunt omnes.

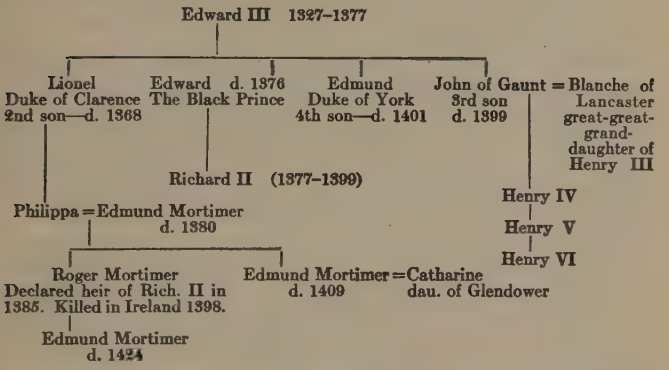
Epilogue

Spoken by Prospero

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint. Now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free. *Exit.*

10 hands: applause. 18 Mercy: God.

NOTES ON *HENRY IV, PART I*


Edward III 1327–1377
Lionel Duke of Clarence 2nd son—d. 1368
Edward The Black Prince d. 1376
Edmund Duke of York 4th son—d. 1401
John of Gaunt 3rd son d. 1399
Blanche of Lancaster great-great-grand-daughter of Henry III
Richard II (1377–1399)
Henry IV
Henry V
Henry VI
Philippa
Edmund Mortimer d. 1380
Roger Mortimer Declared heir of Rich. II in 1385. Killed in Ireland 1398.
Edmund Mortimer d. 1409
Catharine dau. of Glendower
Edmund Mortimer d. 1424

Henry IV (1367–1413)—Henry (called Bolingbroke from his birthplace) was exiled by Richard II because of a quarrel with the Duke of Norfolk. The following year at the death of John of Gaunt, Richard seized upon the vast Lancastrian estates. This gave Henry an excuse to return; and he landed at Ravenspurgh, 4 July, 1399, declaring that his sole motive was the recovery of his properties. But the country, tired of Richard's misgovernment, rallied to him. Richard, who was just returning from an expedition to Ireland, was seized and deposed by Parliament, and Henry was proclaimed Henry IV. Richard died or was killed in prison within the year.

But the Percies, a powerful family in the north that had been instrumental in putting Henry on the throne, soon grew restive under his restraint; and in 1403 a confederation under Henry Percy (Hotspur) broke into open rebellion. The quelling of this revolt involved the country in civil war for the greater part of Henry's reign; but the end was success for the king, and at his death in 1413 his successor, Prince Hal, succeeded to an undisputed throne.

Prince Hal (1387–1422)—Henry, Prince of Wales, was only sixteen at the battle of Shrewsbury. Even before that he had seen military service in the Welsh campaigns with his father. At his father's death he carried on a series of brilliant campaigns in France, culminating in the victory of Agincourt. This battle marks the high tide of the Lancastrian rule in England. He was succeeded at his death in 1422 by his son, Henry VI, the last of the Lancastrian kings.

John of Lancaster (d. 1435)—John was the third son of Henry IV. There is no historical evidence of his presence at the battle of Shrewsbury. Shakespeare introduces him for the purpose of contrast with Hal.

Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland (1364–1425) was one of the most powerful of the northern barons. He was created earl by Richard II, but joined Henry at Ravenspurgh and was made by him Marshal of England.

Sir Walter Blount (d. 1403) was a loyal supporter of Henry IV as he had been of Henry's father, John of Gaunt. He carried the king's standard at Shrewsbury and was killed in that battle.

Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester (c. 1344–1403) was a younger brother of Northumberland. He had had an active military career before Henry came to the throne, serving in France under Edward III, in Spain under John of Gaunt, and with Richard II in his two Irish campaigns. Upon Henry's accession he was made admiral of the fleet and tutor to Prince Hal.

Henry Percy, first Earl of Northumberland (1342–1408), was created earl by Richard II but quarrelled with him and refused to join him in Ireland in 1398. He joined Henry on his landing at Ravenspurgh and was a chief factor in his elevation to the throne. In return he was made high constable of England and intrusted with the defense of the northern border. The story of his part in the rebellion after the death of his son at Shrewsbury is told in the second part of Henry IV.

Henry Percy (Hotspur) (1364–1403) was the eldest son of Northumberland. He had a brilliant career as a soldier. He was knighted by Edward III and served under Richard II and Henry IV. Partly because he felt that he was not sufficiently rewarded for his service against the Welsh and Scots and particularly because of Henry's demands after the battle of Holmedon Hill, in which he defeated the Douglas, Hotspur headed the revolt against the king.

Edmund de Mortimer (1376–1409?) was the youngest son of Edmund de Mortimer, third Earl of March. When he was captured by Glendower, Henry suspected his good faith and refused to allow his cousins the Percies to ransom him. As a consequence he allied himself with Glendower, married his daughter, and proclaimed himself as favoring the claims of his nephew, Edmund Mortimer, to the throne.

This **Edmund Mortimer** (1391–1425) was the son of Roger Mortimer, fourth Earl of March, who had claimed the throne by descent through his mother Philippa, the daughter of Lionel, second son of Edward III, and who had been declared heir to the throne by Richard II in 1385.

It will be seen at once that Shakespeare has confused these two and has combined them into one.

Archibald Douglas, fourth Earl of Douglas (1369?–1424) was a nephew of the famous James, the second Earl, who was killed at the

battle of Otterburn. He succeeded to the headship of the great border family in 1400. His defeat at the hands of Hotspur at Holmedon Hill in 1402 is one of the incidents with which the play opens. He was drawn to the Percy side by the offer of Berwick and a part of Northumberland.

Richard Scroop (1350?–1405) was made Archbishop of York by Richard II. He joined the rebels because his brother, Lord Scroop, had been beheaded by Henry at Bristow. He was not at the battle of Shrewsbury but was captured and executed in 1405.

Owen Glendower (1359?–1416?) was a Welsh squire who had been educated in law at Westminster in London. Failing to obtain redress from the English government for incroachments made on his lands by the English Lord Grey of Ruthvin, he threw over his allegiance to the king and made a series of raids over the English border. Gradually he put himself at the head of a national Welsh movement to set up an independent kingdom. Throughout the first decade of the fifteenth century he was the terror of the English counties along the Welsh border, and it was not until after the Percy rebellion that Henry was able to break his power.

He allied himself with Mortimer and the Percies, but was either unable or unwilling to join them at Shrewsbury. The date and circumstances of his death are unknown.

The division into acts and scenes was made in the First Folio.

I, i, 71 **Murdoch . . . eldest son to beaten Douglas**—Murdoch Stewart was really the son of Robert, Duke of Albany. The omission of a comma after **governour** in Holinshed—"And of prisoners, Mordacke earl of Fife, son to the governour Archembald earle of Douglas, etc." misled Shakespeare.

I, i, 95 **I shall have none but . . .** —By the law of arms Percy had a right to keep all prisoners except those of blood royal. Murdoch was a grandson of King Robert II of Scotland.

I, ii, 99–101 Proverbs 1:20–24. "Wisdom crieth in the streets, and no man regardeth."

Falstaff's **damnable iteration** accuses the prince of citing Scripture profanely.

I, ii, 140–144 **Gadshill**—This character in the play takes his name from a hill near Rochester famous for its robberies.

I, ii, 178 **All-hallown summer**—All-hallows or All Saint's Day is November first. The sense is that Falstaff has kept his youth (summer) long past its time.

I, iii, 80 Percy's brother-in-law was Sir Edmund Mortimer, the uncle of this Mortimer, Earl of March. Cf. Explanation of dramatis personæ. Cf. also I, iii, 146.

II, i, 16 **stung like a tench**—There was a belief that the spots on the tench, a fish, were caused by flea bites.

II, i, 77 **Troians**—A cant name for a dissolute fellow or boon companion. G— may well be thinking of the prince.

II, i, 96 **We have the receipt of fern-seed**—The recipe for gathering fern-seed, which was popularly supposed to make the possessor invisible.

II, ii, 2 **gumm'd**—Cheap velvets were often stiffened with gum, which would fret or rub when worn.

II, iii There is no indication in the scene as to the author of letter, nor is there need.

II, iv, 78–80 This is a jesting description of the vintner, who appears at line 90. The costume was typical of that worn by landlords: **not-pated**, hair close-cropped; **puke-stocking**, stockings of a dull gray color; **caddis-garter**, garter of worsted lace; **Spanish-pouch**, a reference to the purse of Spanish leather he carried. The next speech of the Prince is mere nonsense to bewilder the waiter.

II, iv, 133 **pitiful-hearted Titan**—Hyperion—the sun. The relative clause beginning "that melted" refers back to **butter** and not to **Titan**.

II, iv, 425 **King Cambyses' vein**—Reference to Thomas Preston's *A Lamentable Tragedie*—containing the Life of Cambises, King of Persia, 1570. The bombastic, high flown style of this play became proverbial.

II, iv, 440 **though the Camomile**—The two long speeches of Falstaff in the rôle of the King are an elaborate parody of the style made popular by Lyly's Euphues in 1578. It was a highly artificial prose style which had as distinguishing traits the use of antithesis—the setting off of one clause or phrase against another—the marking of this antithesis by alliteration, the use of rhetorical questions, and the use of illustrations drawn from false natural history. The reference to the camomile, a creeping herb, is an example of the last.

II, iv, 539–41 This speech may refer not to playing out the play but to the coming of the sheriff. Falstaff is anxious for Hal to take the matter seriously. To paraphrase: This alarm is no counterfeit. To make light of it will show that you are demented. And your fear about it, retorts the prince, shows that you are a coward.

III, i, 149–155 **the moldwarp and the ant**—Holinshed says: "This (the dividing of the kingdom) was done (as some have said) through a foolish credit given to a vaine prophesie, as

though King Henrie was the moldwarp, cursed of God's owne mouth, and they three were the dragon, the lion, and the woolfe, which should divide the realme betweene them." The **skimble-skamble stuff** is made up of garbled fragments of Glendower's talk: **Merlin** (Arthurian Magician); **moulton** (probably moulting); **couching** (heraldic term 'couchant'); **ramping** (heraldic term, 'rampant').

III, ii, 164 **Lord Mortimer of Scotland**—This is George Dunbar, Lord March of Scotland. Shakespeare gives him the name **Mortimer**, evidently confusing him with the English Earls of March.

IV, i, 4–5 The figure of speech is that of a coin of this year's coinage (stamp) circulating as legal tender (current) throughout the world.

IV, ii, 28 **painted cloth**—Cloth with designs or pictures painted on it was often used as a substitute for tapestry.

V, i, 60 **"As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird. . . ."**—The cuckoo lays its eggs in the nests of smaller birds, which hatch and rear its young. Because of their size, these cuckoo nestlings often crowd the rightful owners out of the nest. Cf. Lear, I, iv, 238–9.

V, ii, 18 The name of Hotspur will privilege him from censure.

V, ii, 46 Turk Gregory—Pope Gregory VII, also known as Hildebrand, was so fierce an opponent of the Emperor that he was as dreaded as the Turk.

V, iv, 65 **Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere**—According to the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, each sphere that revolved about the earth had only one planet in it.

V, iv, 141 **I am not a double man**—Refers to his carrying Percy on his back.

NOTES ON *TWELFTH NIGHT*

I, i, 21–23 Actaeon, who saw Diana bathing, was transformed by her into a hart, pursued, and killed by his own hounds.

I, ii, 15 Arion was a Greek poet, who in order to escape the murderous intent of robber sailors leapt into the sea. The music of his lyre so charmed the dolphins that they bore him to land.

I, ii, 42–44 And might not have my identity disclosed until I find a suitable opportunity.

I, iii, 44 A large top kept in each parish to amuse and exercise the villagers. It was kept in motion by constant whipping.

I, iii, 45 **Castiliano vulgo**—probably nonsense. If Sir Toby uses **vulgo** for **volto** by mistake, it means "look grave like a Castilian."

I, iii, 78–81 There is here a play on the various significances of "dry." In l. 78 it has the sense of "old" or the opposite of amorous; in l. 80, "dry" as opposed to "moist"; in l. 81 "dull."

I, iii, 100–1 Possibly a pun on **tongues** (1.98) and **tongs** (curling tongs) or it is to be explained by Sir Toby's next speech, which implies that his hair would curl by art if not by nature.

I, iii, 144 **dam'd colour**—possibly a fiery red, like the flames of hell. The text has often been changed to read "flame-colored."

I, v, 327–28 "I fear that my eye deceived me with hopes beyond what my sober judgment will justify."

II, iii, 17 A picture commonly found in inns of two asses or fools, with the inscription, "We three loggerheads be." The spectator was supposed to make the third.

II, iii, 61 Weavers were mostly psalm-singing Calvinist refugees from the Netherlands.

II, iii, 193 Reference to diminutive size of the actor playing the part of Maria. Constant play is made on it: **"your giant here"** (I, v, 18); "beagle," small dog; (II, iii, 195); **"The youngest wren of mine** (III, ii, 70); "little villain" (II, v, 15).

II, iv, 5 Meaning obscure. Probably means reworked, elaborated musical phrases like Sir Toby's "catches," as opposed to the simpler old airs.

II, v, 25 **trout . . . tickling**—Trout in holes or pools where they could be reached by the hand were often taken by being rubbed near the gills until they became quiet enough to be grasped and landed.

II, v, 44 This reference to the lady of the Strachy has never been explained. It is obviously a reference to some unequal marriage.

II, v, 124–5 Terms taken from falconry. The **staniel** (untrained hawk) **checks** (turns aside) after inferior game instead of following the proper object of its hunt.

II, v, 135 Even Sowter (contemptuous name for dog) will find this scent, though as a matter of fact it's as plain as can be.

III, i, 24 **Since bonds disgrac'd them.** Implies that a man's word

is no longer as good as his bond since a bond has become necessary.

III, i, 58 Pandarus, Cressida's uncle, arranged the meeting between her and Troilus. In one version of the story Cressida became a leper and begged for alms (1.62).

III, i, 130 **baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts**—In bear-baiting the bear was tied to a stake and set upon by large dogs.

III, i, 165–66 Do not extort (wrest) from this declaration of my love excuses for not wooing me.

III, ii, 30 **Dutchman's beard**—Probably reference to William Barendz's enduring an arctic winter in Nova Zembla in 1596.

III, iii, 51 A famous bed—10 feet 9 inches square—in an inn at Ware. Four couples could sleep in it comfortably.

III, iii, 85 **The new map with the augmentation of the Indies**—This reference has helped to date the play, as the map referred to, probably that bound into certain copies of the 1599 edition of Hakluyt's voyages, has information that would not have been known in England before 1588–9. It contained fuller information about the East Indies than its predecessors and had more lines on it.

III, iv, 258 A **carpet knight** was one who was knighted not on the battle field but on a carpet in the king's hall and often for a material consideration. King James is said to have sold knighthoods for thirty pounds sterling.

IV, i, 14–15 **I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney**—If such words as "vent" are applied to fools the world will become a foppish cockney.

IV, i, 24 **after fourteen years' purchase**—At a high price. The price of land was computed by its total yearly income and stated in years. In Shakespeare's day twelve years' purchase was the normal price.

IV, ii, 2 **Sir Topas**—The name is used by Chaucer. Perhaps Shakespeare chose it because the topaz was supposed to be a cure for lunacy. All bachelors of arts were called "dominus," a title usually rendered as "Sir" and given to parish priests.

IV, ii, 103 From l.103 to l.109 we are supposed to hear a dialogue between Sir Topas and Feste speaking once more in his own voice. The parts can easily be assigned by any intelligent reader.

V, i, 23 **conclusion to be as kisses**—as two people are necessary to a kiss, so are two premises necessary to a conclusion.

V, i, 121 In the Ethiopica of Heliodorus an Egyptian pirate, Thyamis, fell in love with his captive, Chariclea, and when about to be captured and executed, tried to kill her first.

V, i, 206 **Passy measures pavin** (It. Passamezzo Pavana) a stately dance with eight bars to each strain of music, suggested to Toby by "set at eight" in l.205.

V, i, 224 **natural perspective**—a deception produced by nature which is ordinarily produced only by an optical instrument or special glass.

V, i, 234–5 **Nor . . . everywhere**—Nor can I, like a god, be everywhere at once.

V, i, 267 The "bias" was the lead weight in one side of a bowl which made it change direction. Nature obeyed her bias in making Olivia fall in love with Sebastian's counterpart.

NOTES ON *KING LEAR*

I, i, 54 Probably means—where nature (birth) as well as merit challenges (lays claim to) his generosity.

I, i, 282 You well deserve the lack (of that affection) which you yourself are lacking in.

I, ii, 21 **Shall to the legitimate**—Shall rise to, become, the legitimate.

I, iii, 20 Old fools must be checked as well as flattered, and especially when they are being deceived (by their followers).

II, i, 37 **drunkards, etc.**—It was not unusual for an Elizabethan lover, flustered with wine, to cut his arm and drink his lady's health in blood.

II, ii, 34 **Sop o' moonlight**—I'll steep you in your blood by moonlight.

II, ii, 39–40 **Vanity the puppet's part**—The part of Vanity, a puppet or actor in some allegorical show.

II, ii, 175–7 A difficult passage. The best interpretation is that Kent reads from Cordelia's letter the words enclosed in quotations.

III, ii, 31–34 The man who promotes his toe to the place of his heart will be plagued with corns in that tenderest region. The reference is to his promotion of Goneril and Regan over Cordelia.

III, iv, 88 **gloves in my hat**—custom of wearing a lady's glove in a cap as a sign of her favor.

III, iv, 103 **Dolphin**—Reference to old ballad ridiculing the Dolphin, i.e., Dauphin of France.

III, iv, 125—Swithald was St. Vitalis, invoked against nightmares. The following verse is a charm against nightmares, the "ninefold" being the nine familiar spirits or foals attendant on the nightmare.

III, iv, 146 Most of the names of fiends (**Flibbertigibbet**, l.120—**Modo** and **Mahu**, l.148—**Frateretto**, III vi, 6—**Hopdance**, III, vi, 33—**Obidicut** and **Hobbididance**, IV, i, 62) used by Edgar in his assumed madness were taken from Harsiet's *Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures* 1603.

IV, ii, 14–15 Our wishes, i.e., for Albany's death, on our journey hither.

IV, ii, 62–3 Goneril is "self-covered" in that her true self, i.e., her evil nature, is covered by a woman's form. To let it show through would be to "bemonster her feature."

IV, vi, 239 ff. It was a stage convention to put the Southern dialect into the mouths of rustics. Edgar here poses as a peasant.

V, i, 25–27 "This business touches us because of the French invasion and not because it encourages the King along with the others who oppose us for just cause."

V, iii, 23 The derivation of "good years" is doubtful. It is probably equivalent to the "devil" or "plague."

V, iii, 32–3 **Thy . . . question**—The important business now intrusted to your care will not admit discussion.

V, iii, 310–12 The final touch of tragic pathos is added to this overwhelming scene as Lear thinks he sees Cordelia's lips move and dies in the belief that she has come back to him.

NOTES ON *THE TEMPEST*

I, ii, 91–92—with that (learning) which, save for involving retirement, should be valued more highly than it is in popular estimation.

I, ii, 100–2 The meaning seems to be that he had told the lie so often that his memory had betrayed him into believing it.

I, ii, 266–7 **for one thing she did They would not take her life.** This may refer to some service done to the state.

I, ii, 373 **Setebos**—A name known to Elizabethan voyagers as a god or devil worshipped by American savages. Used with great effect by Robt. Browning in *Caliban on Setebos*.

II, i, 86 **The harp of Amphion, which raised the walls of Thebes.**

II, i, 130–1 **at which end of the beam should bow**—Although the syntax is confused, the meaning is clear enough: the girl is torn between her own desires and the wishes of her father. The figure of the balanced scales is clear. The syntax requires a **she** before **should.**

II, i, 147–168 This passage follows closely Montaigne's picture of an ideal commonwealth in his essay "Of the Caniballes." Shakespeare read it in Florio's English translation of 1603.

II, i, 224–228 If you but knew how you cherish the notion of being King even while you mock at it, how in stripping it bare of pretense you clothe it in reality. Men whose fortunes are at the ebb often lose themselves in shallows because of fear and sloth.

II, i, 240–244 No hope of Ferdinand's life means for you so great a hope (i.e., the crown) that ambition itself cannot rise beyond it without hesitating to believe what it may discover there.

II, ii, 176 **scamels**—This word has never been explained with certainty. The most plausible explanation is that it means **Sea-malls,** sea-gulls whose young, caught before they could fly, were considered a delicacy.

III, i, 15 **Most busy least when I do it**—This is one of the most disputed passages in Shakespeare. There seems, however, to be general agreement that it means that Ferdinand is most busy with thoughts of Miranda when he appears least occupied, and that his musings refresh him for further work.

III, iii, 39 **Praise in departing**—Proverbial—Hold your praise until you see the outcome.

III, iii, 44ff. The passage refers to the wild tales brought back by Elizabethan travellers of monstrous men dewlapped like bulls or without heads and with eyes in their breasts. Now Gonzalo says, every traveller who insures his safe return at a premium of 1 to 5 will assure us these tales are true.

III, iii, 52 The harpy was a fabled monster with the face of a woman and the body of a bird of prey.

IV, i, 3 **a third of mine own life**—Best interpreted to mean that Miranda shared his interest with himself and his dukedom.

IV, i, 59 **Enter Iris**—The passage 59–138 is in the form of a conventional Court Masque, which relied more on the costuming, music, and dancing for effectiveness than upon the poetry. This masque is set to rhymed couplets of so little grace that some contend that it is an interpolation and no work of Shakespeare's. There is no proof of this.

IV, i. 64 **Pioned and twilled brims**—no satisfactory explanation of this passage has been found. It has been suggested that "pioned" means dug or trenched and "twilled" may refer to refacing the edges of the bank with mud.

IV, i, 222 From the ballad:

"King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown,
He held them sixpence all too dear,
Therefore he called the tailor 'Lowne.'"

Cf. **Othello II, iii, 93.**

IV, i, 235 ff. The punning of this passage is complicated. **Under the line** may refer to hanging; or it may refer to the equator, and the losing of the hair may refer to the fevers contracted in the tropics. On the other hand, the jerkin may lose its hair or nap by being worn.

IV, i, 249 **Barnacles**—There was a strange belief in Shakespeare's day that a certain kind of shell-fish (barnacle) produced wild geese.

V, i, 271 **Deal in her command**—exert her (the moon's) influence; **without her power**—beyond her sphere.